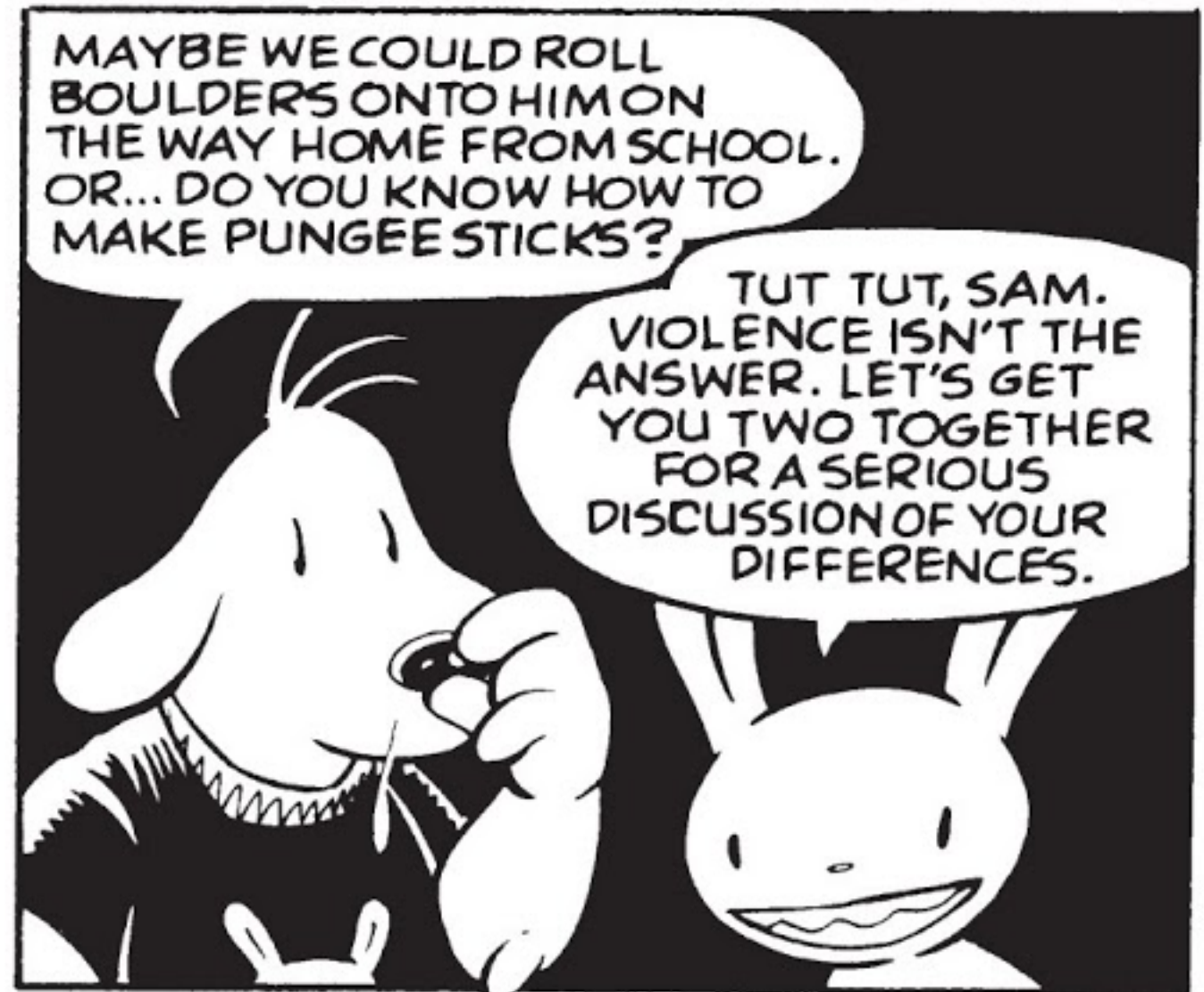




TERROR ON THE TANBARK

Starring
SAM & MAX
AS SOFT, MARKETABLE BABY VERSIONS OF THEMSELVES.



SAM & MAX DEEP DEEP THINKERS IN: PONDERINGS OF THE AGES

RIDDLES OF NATURE

I READ ABOUT THIS ONCE! WHAT'S MORE HORRIBLE THAN A CATFISH THAT CAN BREATHE AIR AND WALK THE EARTH ON ITS HIDEOUS LITTLE FINS?

I KNOW! AND I'LL BE ANSWERING IN THE FORM OF A TONGUE TWISTER--HOW 'BOUT SWAMP ROAD FISHGUTS SLICKS?

SWAP YEARBOOKS WITH SOMEONE ROUGHLY YOUR OWN AGE AND TAKE A LOOK--THEY'RE ALL THE SAME PEOPLE!

TRY THIS!

IF I THINK I'M INSANE, DOES THAT MEAN I'M NOT, BECAUSE A REALLY INSANE PERSON WOULDN'T KNOW THEY WERE?

NO-- YOU ARE!

THE HAIR. I CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT THE HAIR.

WE HAD ONE OF THESE GUYS! BUT OURS WAS CALLED ROGER COLTON.

HERE'S A THICKER VERSION OF DEBBIE BUTLER!

The Binnacle
GOOSE HIGH SCHOOL

SOMETHING TO BUG THE LADIES

YOU KNOW, MAX, AS MEN, WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER FULLY APPRECIATE THE HUMAN BIRTH PROCESS.

RIGHT, SAM. GUYS REGARD IT AS SOMETHING OF AN ATROCITY OF NATURE!

THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE CRITTER WE BUY SQUEEZY TOYS FOR BASICALLY STARTS OUT AS A PARASITE!

I'M A PARASITE! I'M A PARASITE!

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR HARE TURN WHITE! GET IT? BAH HAH HAAA!

IDIOT.

END

WHEREVER THERE'S A NECKLESS
GOON BEATING UP A GUY—

WHEREVER AN INBRED STREET
GANG IS TORCHING A HELPLESS
BUM—

WHEREVER INNOCENT CREATURES
ARE TERRORIZED BY THE
HATEFUL AND IGNORANT—

WE'LL BE THERE!
SEVERELY DISAPPROVING.
RIGHT MAX?!.....
....MAX?....



SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

COMING
SOON
FROM:



©'87 STEVE PURCELL.

SAM & MAX
FOR THE
NATIONAL
RIFLE AND
ARTILLERY
ASSOCIATION

MAX AND I
WOULDN'T WANT
EVERY GIBBERING
LUNATIC CARRYING
THESE THINGS
AROUND...

...BUT WE DON'T
WANT SOME CHEEZE
FILLED BUREAUCRAT
TAKING AWAY OUR
SOMETHING OR OTHER
AMENDMENT RIGHT
TO KEEP AND BEAR
HARPOON GUNS AND
CONCUSSION BOMB
LAUNCHERS-RIGHT
MAX?

LET ME PUT IT
THIS WAY SAM- IF
YOU MET A NINE FOOT
HUMANOID WITH A RUSTY
MEAT AXE STANDING
IN YOUR FOYER, WOULD YOU
RATHER BE HOLDING A
BUSTED BALL BAT
OR ONE OF
THESE?!

WHAT
THE HELL'S
A FOYER?

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE
- COMING SOON -
FROM
FISHWRAP



MAX, THAT BATHING SUIT YOU'RE WEARING MAKES MY FLESH CRAWL! AND WHERE DID YOU GET SUNGLASSES TO FIT YOUR BIZARRELY SPACED EYEBALLS?

DARYL HANNAH SAYS I'M A TOTALLY HELATIOUS BABE, SAM! SO MIND YOUR OWN DAMN BUSINESS!

YOU CRACK ME UP, LITTLE PAL!



CRIME IS A DISEASE

AND WE'RE A PINK,
CHALKY-TASTING
MEDICINE!
RIGHT MAX?

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT!



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SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

**COMING
IN
AUGUST
FROM:**





Steve Parnell ©87

SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE

• SPECIAL ROAD TRIP EDITION •



SAN DIEGO!

YOU KNOW MAX, THIS IS THE ONLY ZOO WHERE THE HOWLER MONKEYS AND THREE-TOED TREE SLOTHS LOOK TRULY WELL-FED AND HAPPY!

THIS IS THE COMIC CON, BEEFHEAD!

LOOKIE SAM! I GOT MORT DRUCKER TO SIGN THE BACK OF MY HUGE SKULL! I HAD TO THREATEN HIM!

YOU ARE A CRUEL AND HATEFUL BEAST MAX!

WE LOVE THE **SAN DIEGO COMIC CON** MORE THAN WE LOVE ORANGE PUSH-UPS AND MISSILE POPS, RIGHT MAX?

DAMN STRAIGHT BRO'

SEE YOU THERE!

Prada 88

SAM & MAX ON THE ROAD



BUCKLE UP!

LET'S NOT
RIDE WITH THESE
GUYS ANYMORE, MAX.
I THINK I
SWALLOWED
MY GUM.

GOOD THING
WE WERE RESTRAINED
BY OUR SAFETY BELTS,
SAM! MY HUGE SKULL
IS COMPLETELY INTACT,
AND I GET TO KEEP
ALL MY TEETH!
HOO-HAH!



"ACTION FIGURE SURGERY"

by STEVE PURCELL

LETTERED BY
LOIS BUHALIS

BASED ON A
SHOCKING
REPPRESSED
MEMORY FROM
SCOTT
RUSSELL!

THIS BOX
OF MISTREATED PLAY-
THINGS SHOULD PROVIDE
THE RAW INGREDIENTS.

SOUNDS
DELICIOUS. BUT
WHERE'S
SUPERFLY?

AS LONG AS WE HAVE
OPPOSABLE THUMBS AND
A CHIMP-LIKE IMPULSE TO
WRECK STUFF, SUPERFLY
IS A DREAM THAT
CAN COME
TRUE!

THE SHORT
ANSWER--? 'CAUSE HE'S
INCREDIBLY LAME! BUT
DON'T LET THAT DASH
YOUR FLUFFY LITTLE
HOPES, MAX.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH THOSE
SHORT-SIGHTED TOY
COMPANIES?! WHY DON'T
THEY MAKE AN ACTION
FIGURE OF MY FAVORITE
GRIM, VIGILANTE HERO,
SUPERFLY?!

TELL
ME
MORE!

NOW,
THAT'S ONE BIG,
BEAUTIFUL,
HAND-FULL-O'
TOY!

I MAY
WEEP OPENLY.
GIMME!
GIMME!

A LITTLE MODEL
GLUE... AN OLD SET OF
MANDIBLES FROM ANT PUNK...
SOME HIGHLY TOXIC, RADIOACTIVE
LEAD-BASED INDUSTRIAL ENAMEL
LEFT OVER FROM THE
SPACE PROGRAM...

SORRY, MAX.
IT APPEARS I'VE GLUED
ALL MY DIGITS TOGETHER.
Oh, WELL, AT LEAST IT'S IN
TIME FOR SOFTBALL
SEASON.

SAM, WOULD
YOU HELP ME BUILD
DARKSKULL, SUPERFLY'S
BONEHEADED NEMESIS?

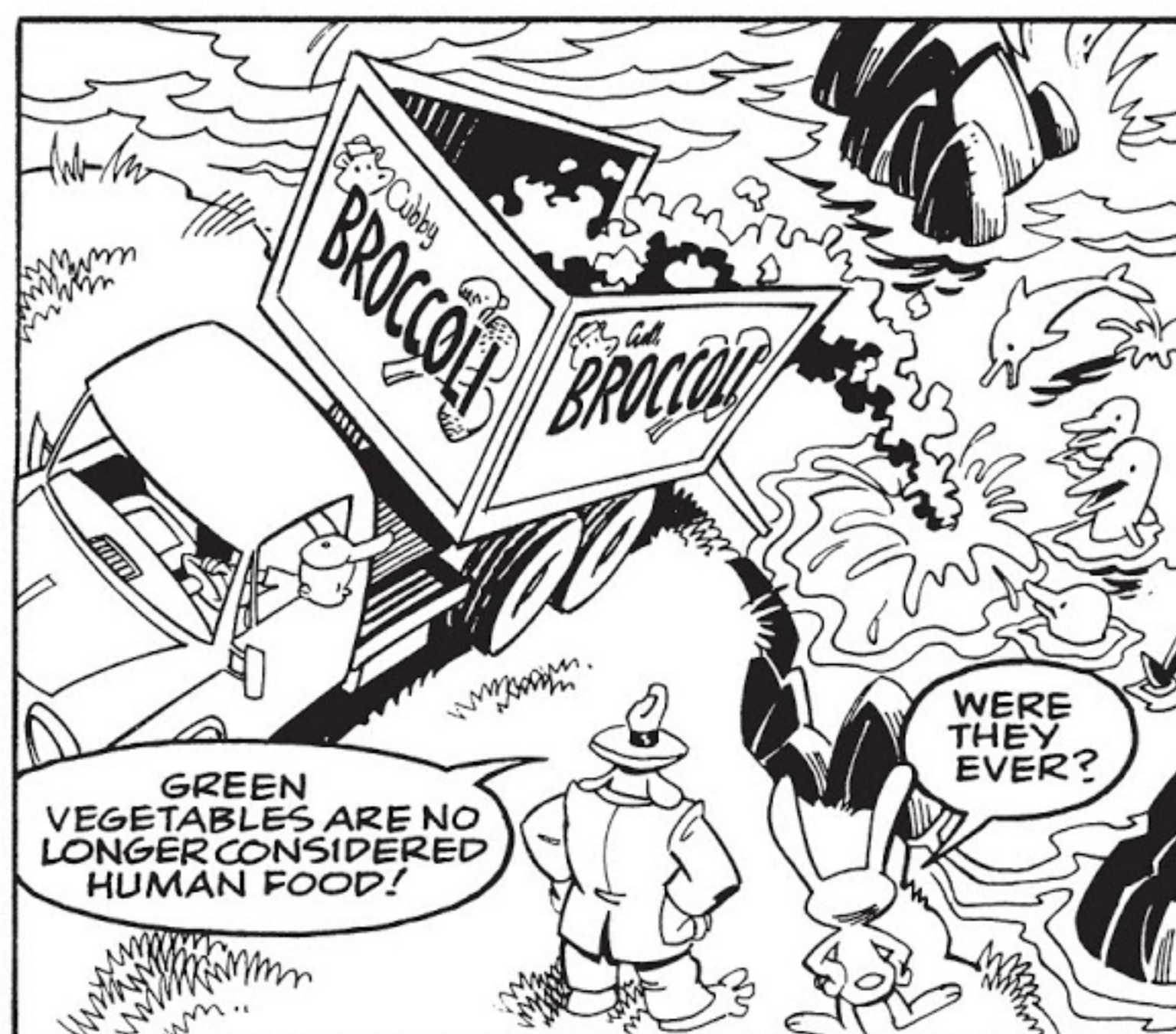
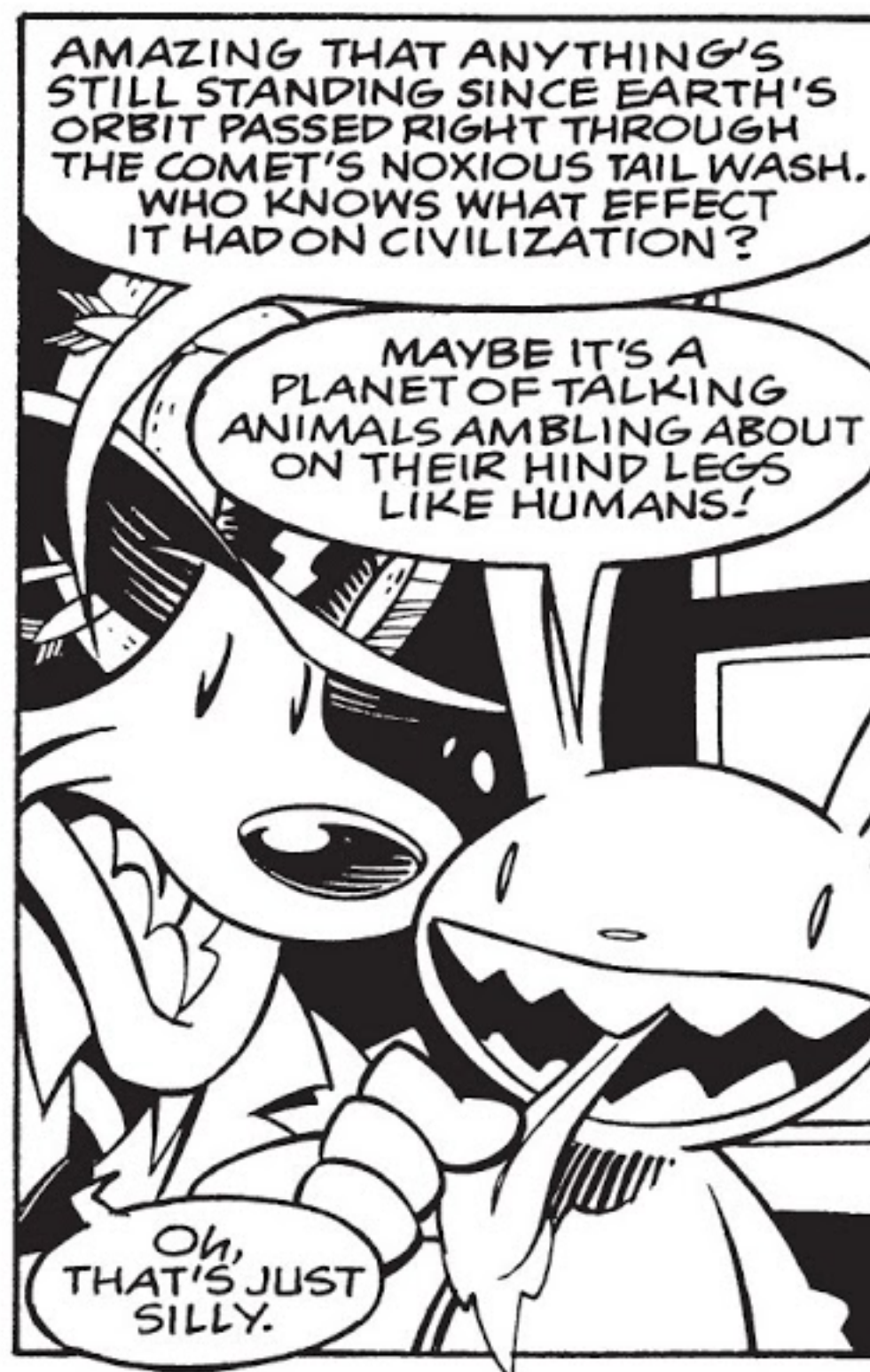
SUPERFLY IS MINE
AT LAST! TO PLAY WITH AND
TREASURE AND WAIL ON WITH
A PIPE WRENCH ONCE THE
INITIAL NOVELTY WEARS
OFF! YOU'RE MY BEST
FRIEND, SAM!

GEE, SAM.
I GUESS THAT
MAKES YOU THE
BONEHEAD!

COME
CLOSER SO I CAN
SWAT YOU WITH
THESE THINGS.

JUST
DON'T CHOKE
ON HIM.

The
End





SAM & MAX

SKEPTICAL INVESTIGATORS

TM & © 1998 by Sam Pineda

LETTERED BY LOIS BUHALIS

WE'RE BACK WITH
OUR FIRST GUEST--A THICK-
MINDED "ABDUCTEE" WHO CLAIMS
SHE ACTUALLY POPPED-OUT
A HYBRID ALIEN CHILD!
Pfffffft!

HE HAD BIG,
BLACK EYES LIKE A
COCKERSPIEL...AND
PASTY, GREY SKIN...LIKE
THE CLERKS AT
THE DMV.

PERSONALLY,
I THINK YOU'RE FULL
OF CRAP--

-- AND IF THE
AUDIENCE IS WITH ME,
I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS
OPPORTUNITY TO REDUCE
YOU TO A DEFEATED,
BLUBBERING SHELL
OF YOURSELF.

BUT IT'S
TRUE!

COME OFF IT, TOOTS!
YOU'D HAVE US BELIEVE
YOU'VE BEEN GETTIN'-IT-ON
WITH SOME CLAMMY,
BUBBLE-HEADED ALIEN! WHICH
IS IT--DELUSIONAL PSYCHOSIS
OR JUST WISFUL THINKING?!

THAT'S HIM! THAT'S
THE ONE!

OOOOOOOO

LADY, I'M THIS CLOSE
TO POURING MY DRINK
ON YOU.

Oh, RIGHT. WHEN
YOU BACK THESE KOOKS
INTO A CORNER, THEY
ALWAYS RESORT TO
OUTLANDISH
THEATRICALS.

SHOULD
I CALL
SOMEBODY?

Oh, YOU'RE
GOOD. YOU'RE
REAL GOOD.

KIKKAKK

Aw, THAT'S CUTE.
GO ON-- SPLIT IN HALF
AND LET THE LOCUSTS
FLY OUT. VERY
IMPRESSIVE. VERY
WHIMSICAL.

IS
ANYONE
ACTUALLY
BUYING
THIS
LOAD?

ANOTHER SORRY-ASS
PARANORMAL CLAIM
PUMMELED SILLY BY THE
BODY BLOWS OF REASON.
RIGHT, MAX?

SAM, DID
YOU ACTUALLY
SAY, "GETTIN'-
IT-ON"?

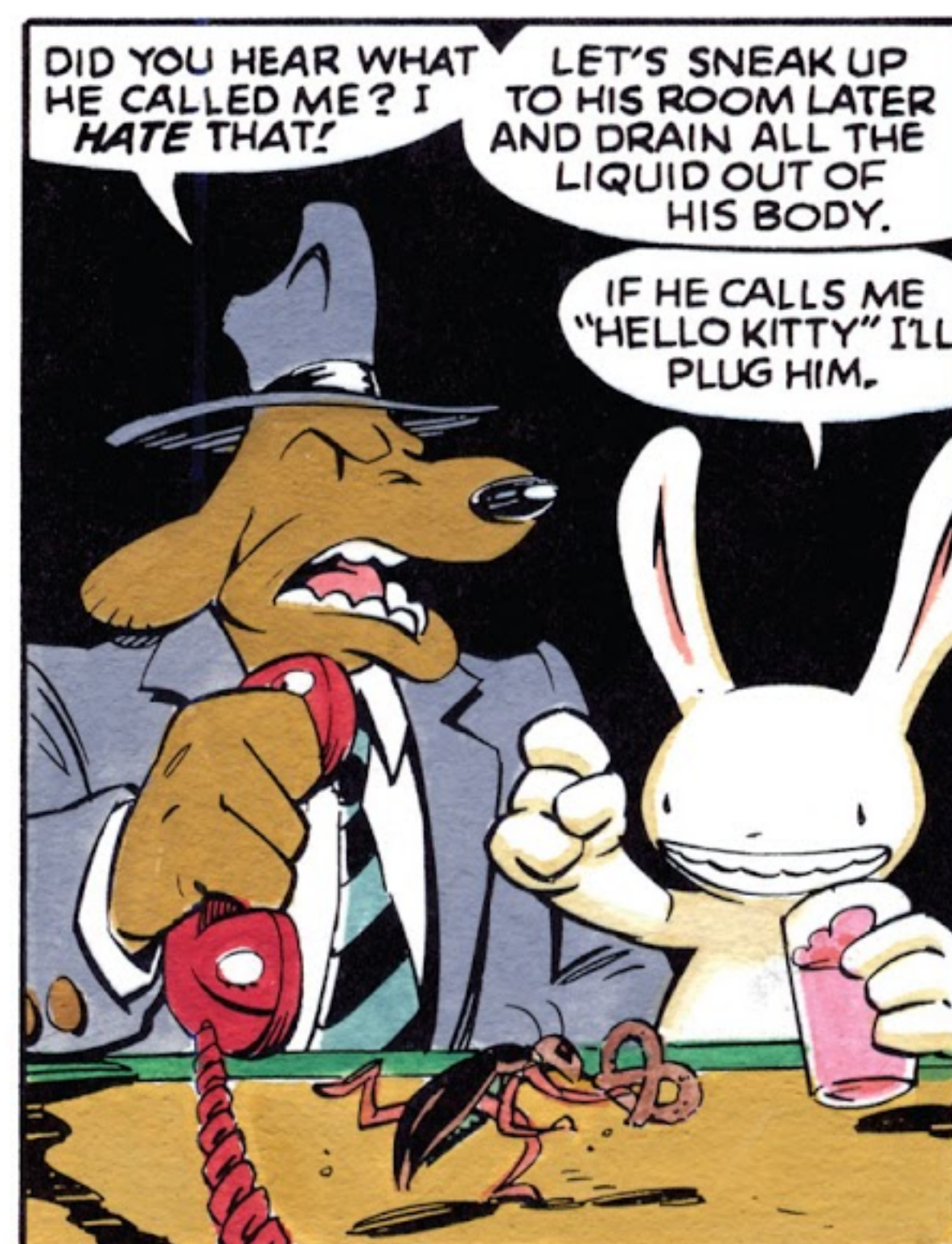
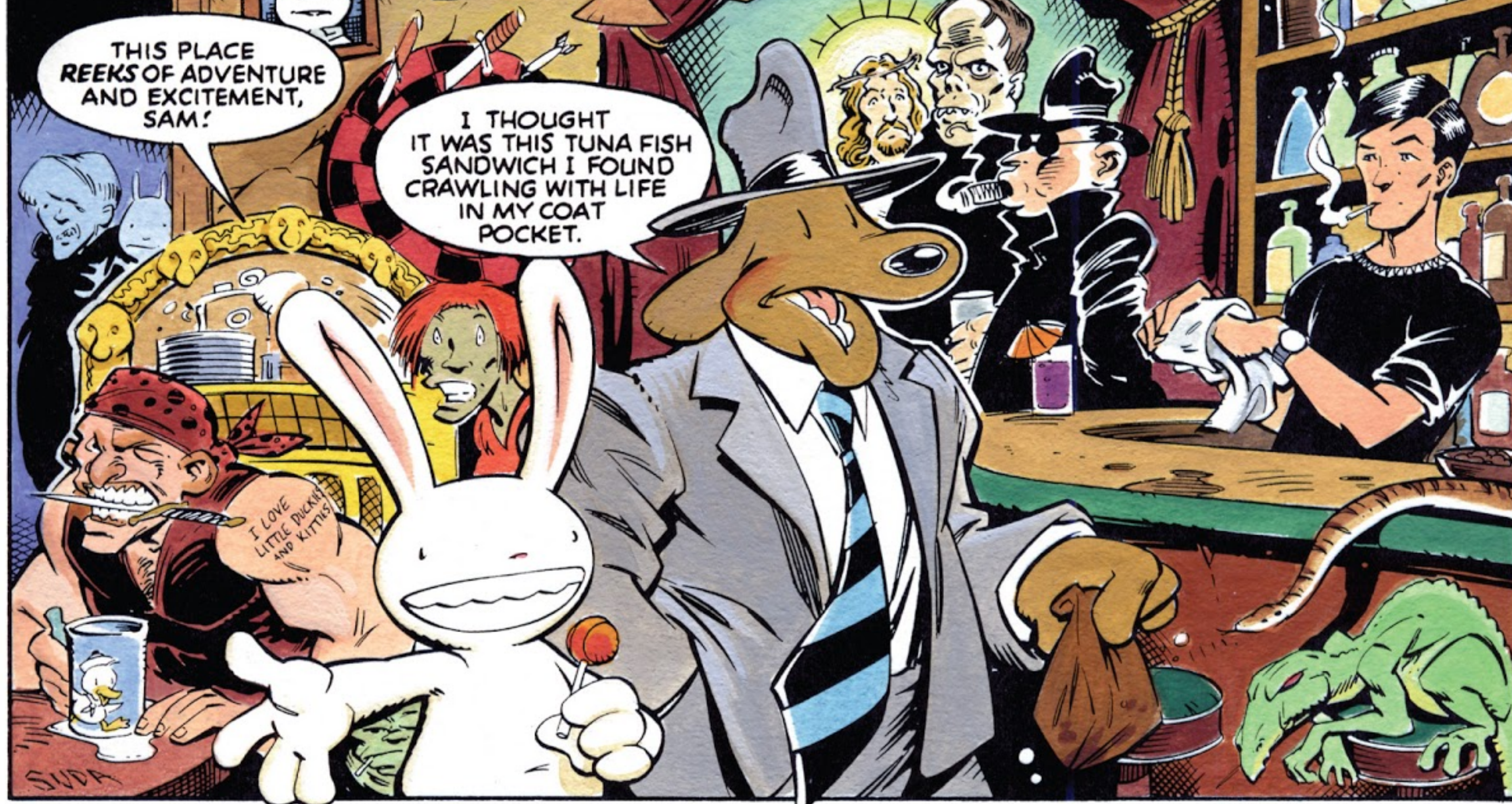
NEXT WEEK--
GUSHING STIGMATICS!
THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD
FOR A HOOT!

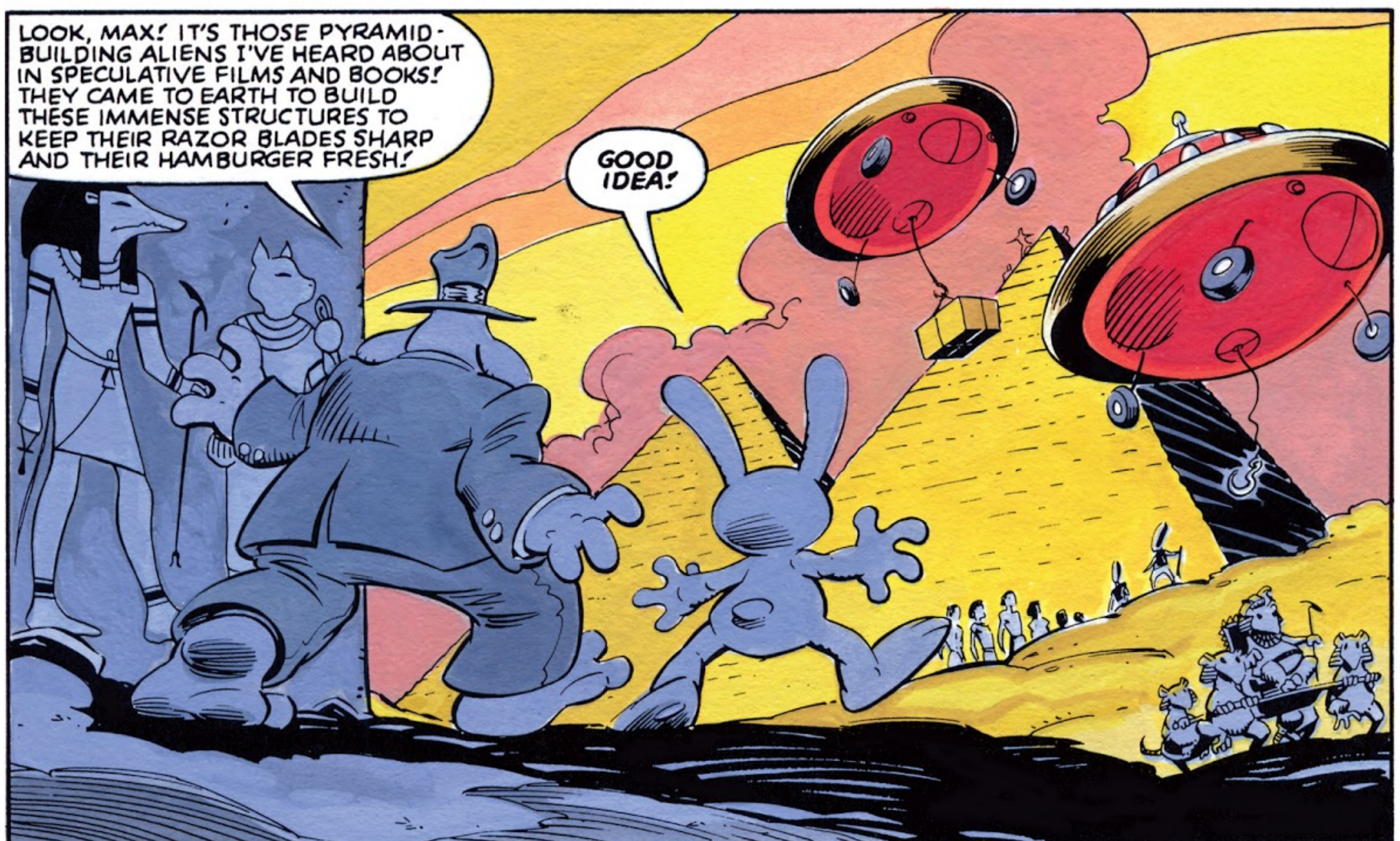
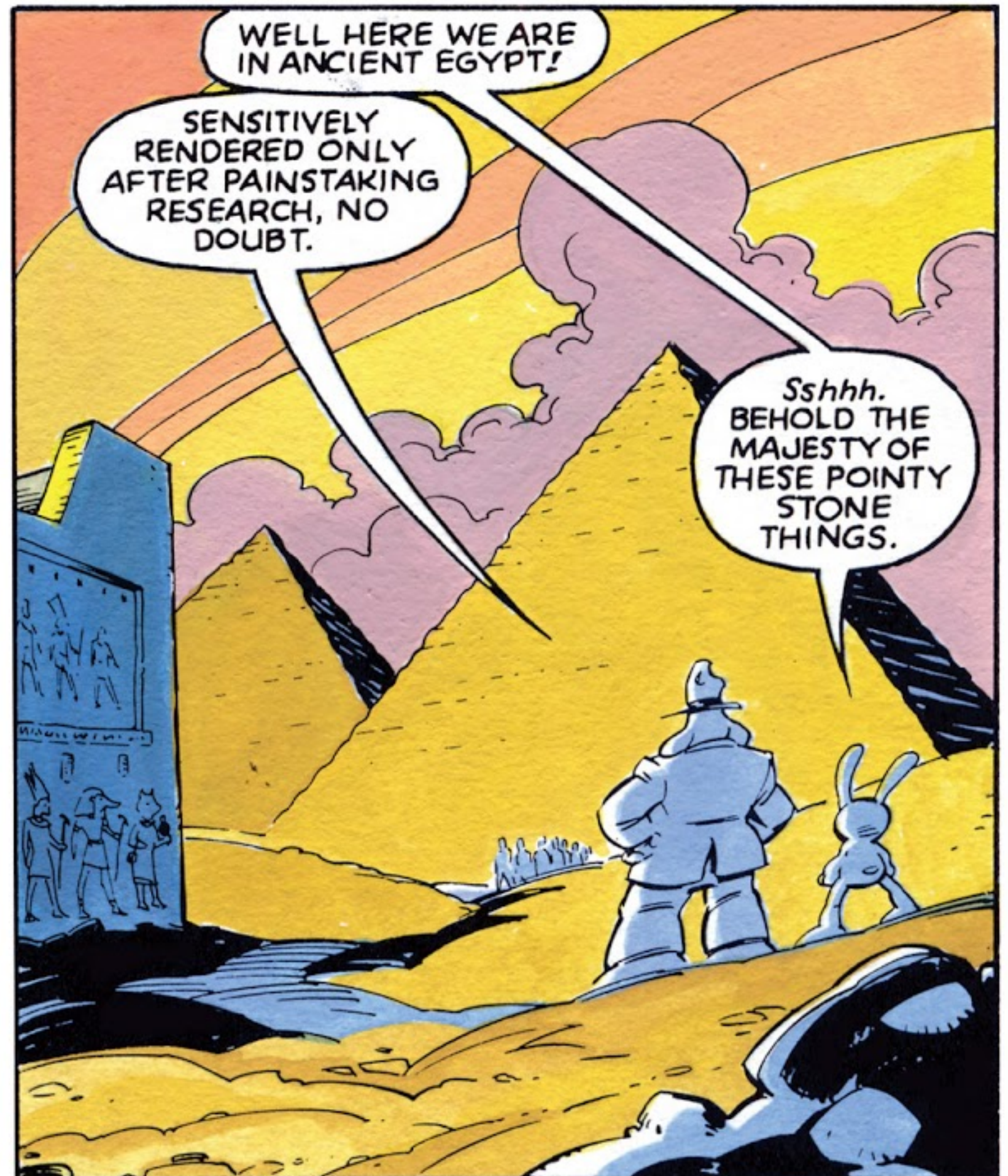
SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

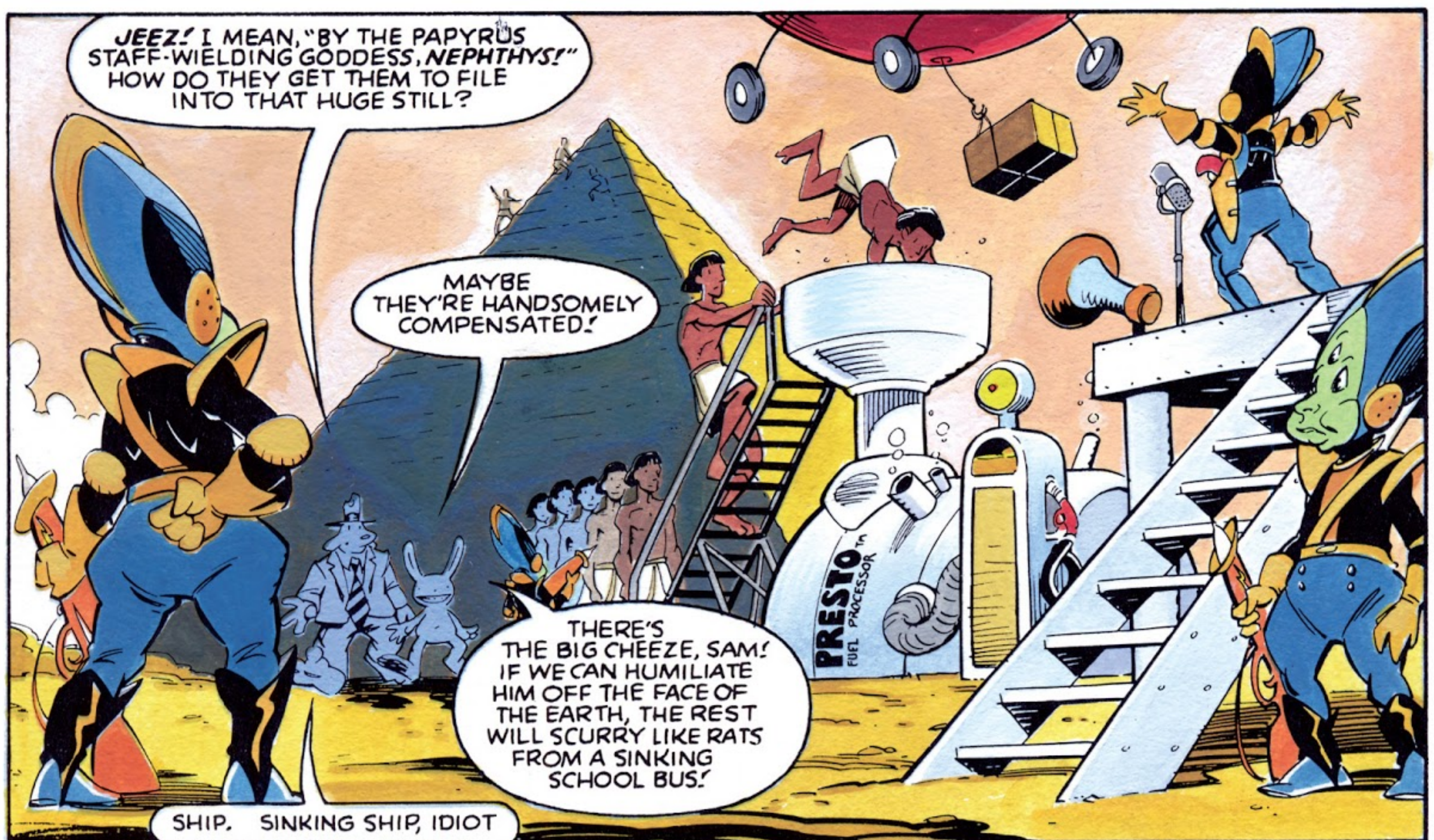
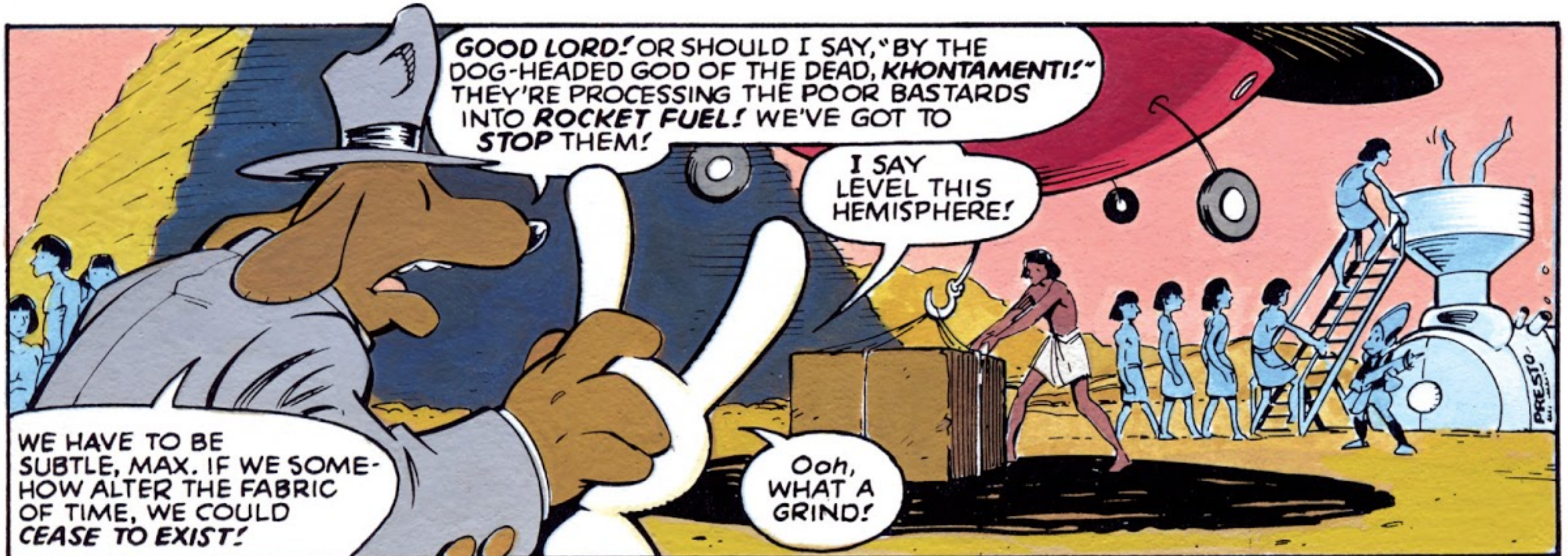
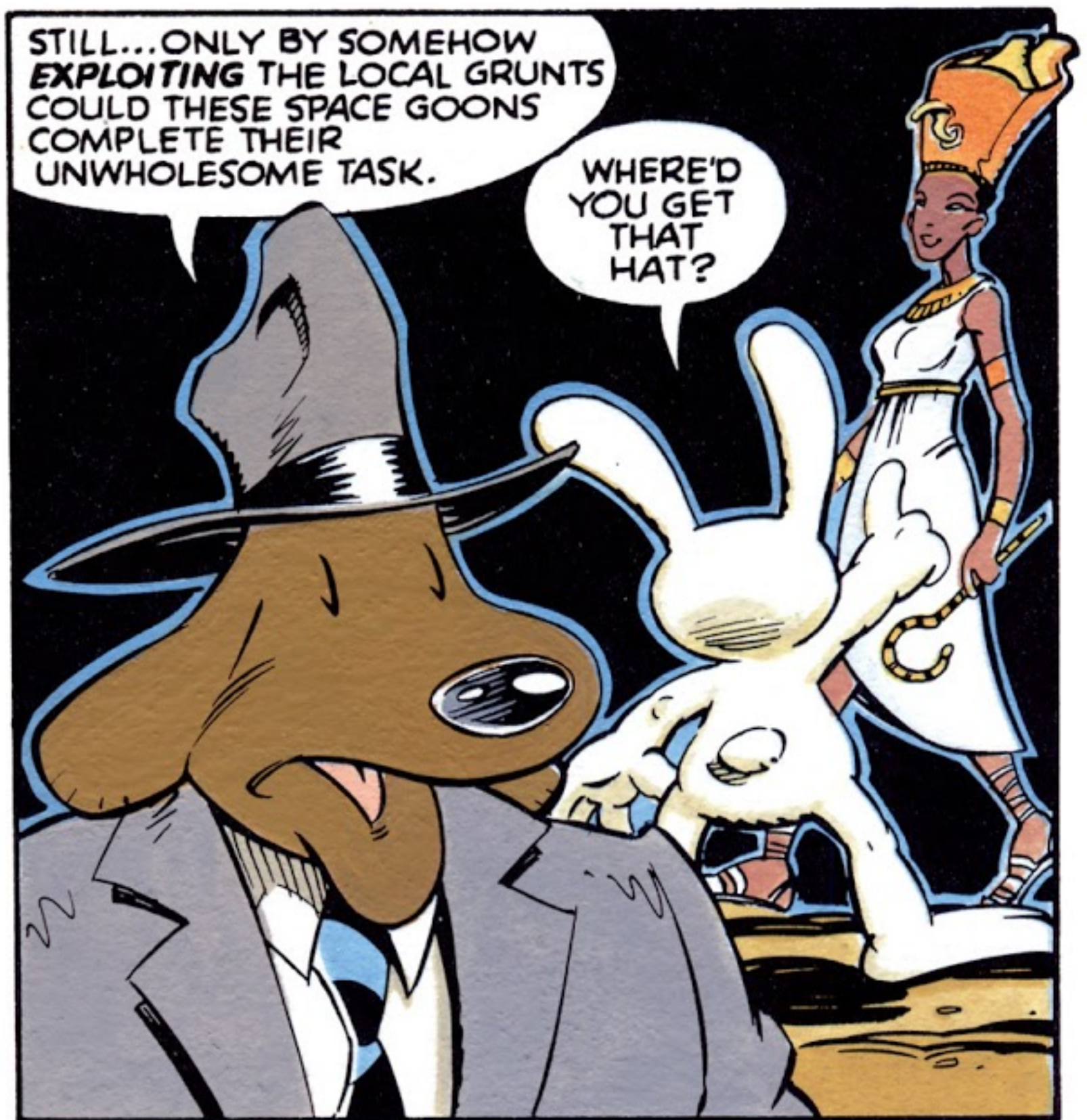
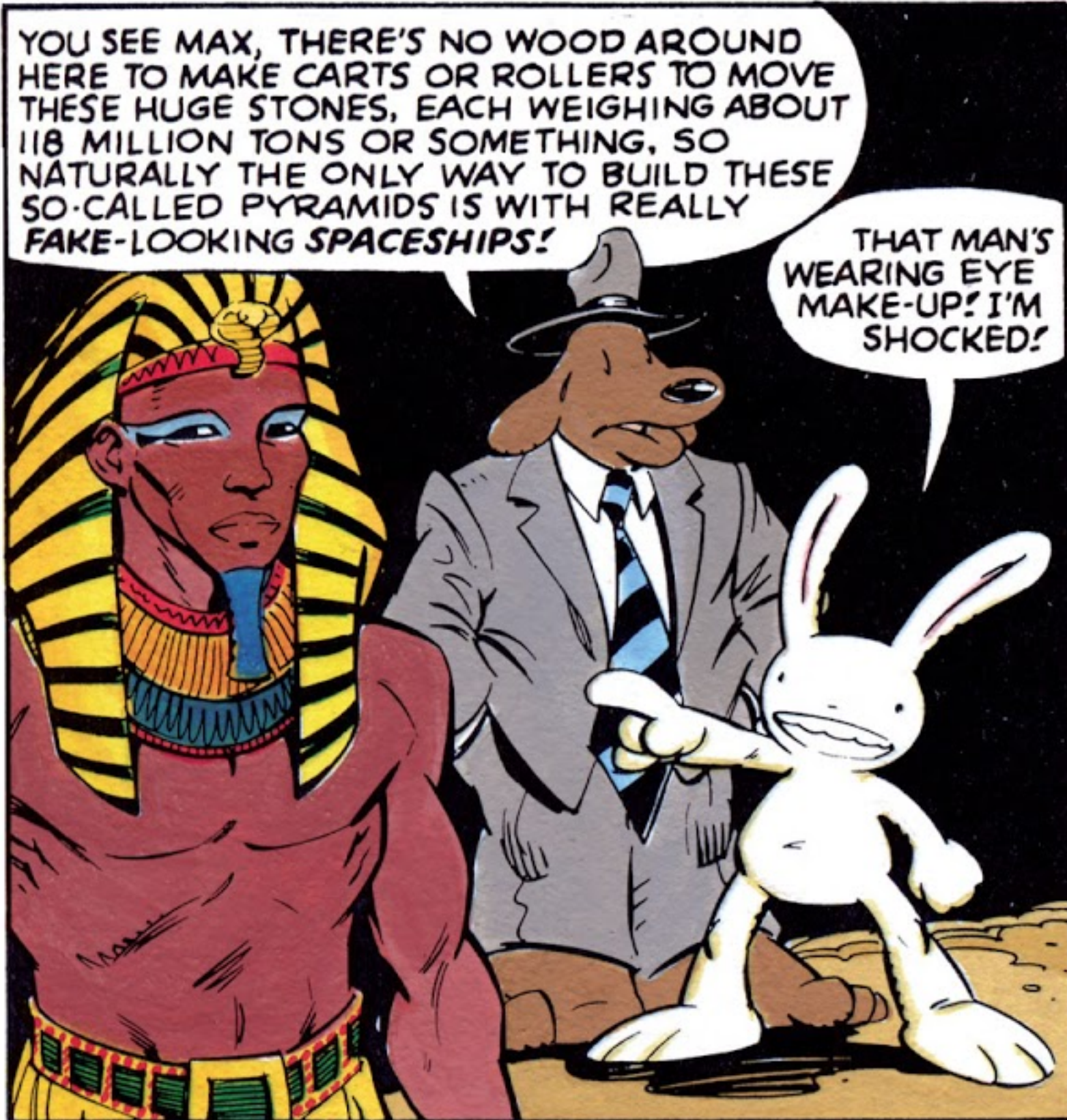
FAIR WIND TO JAVA

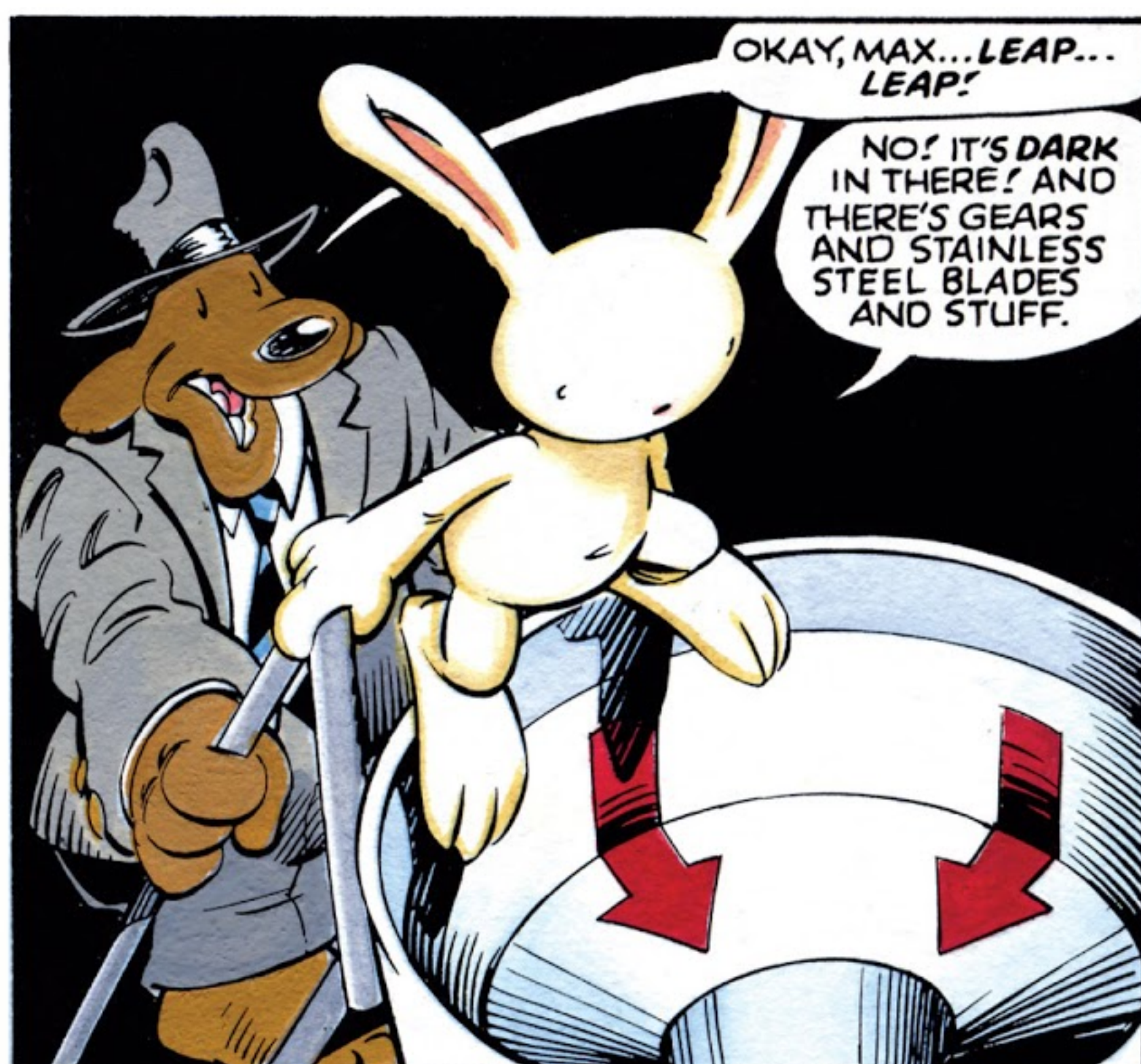
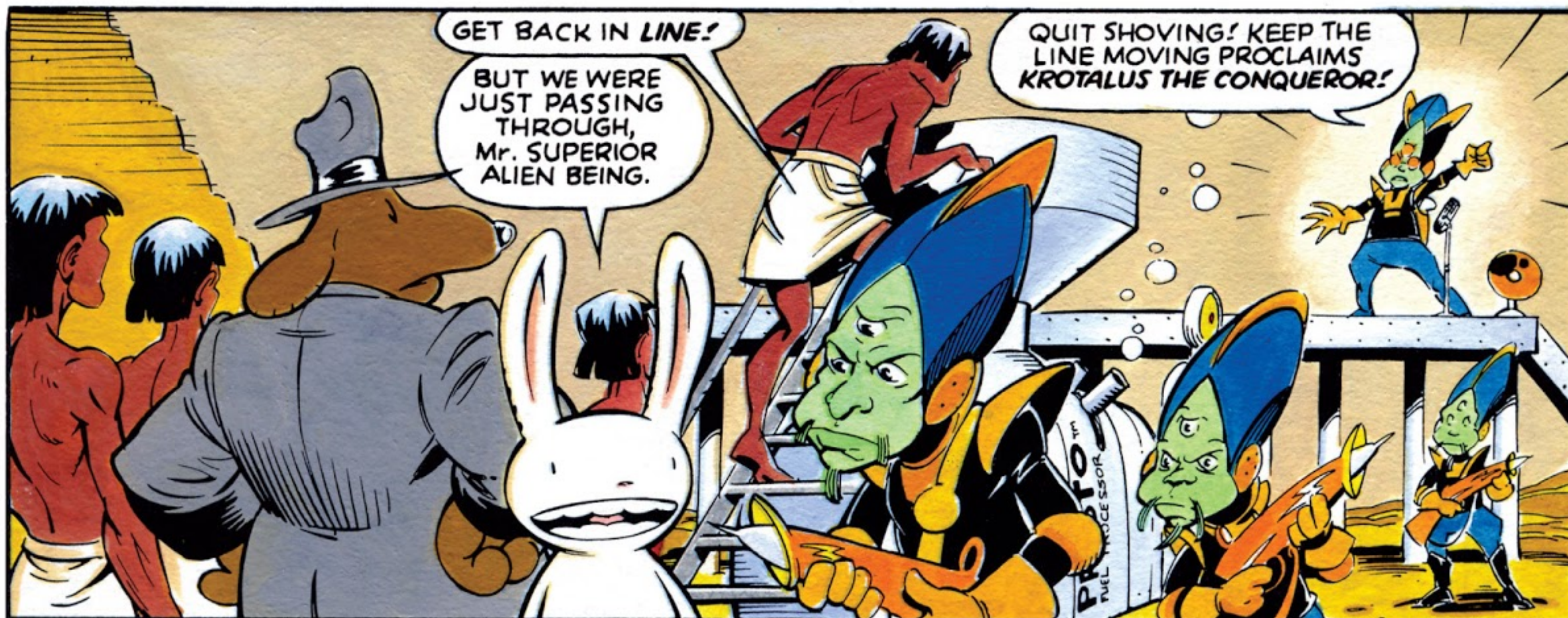
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY:
STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS

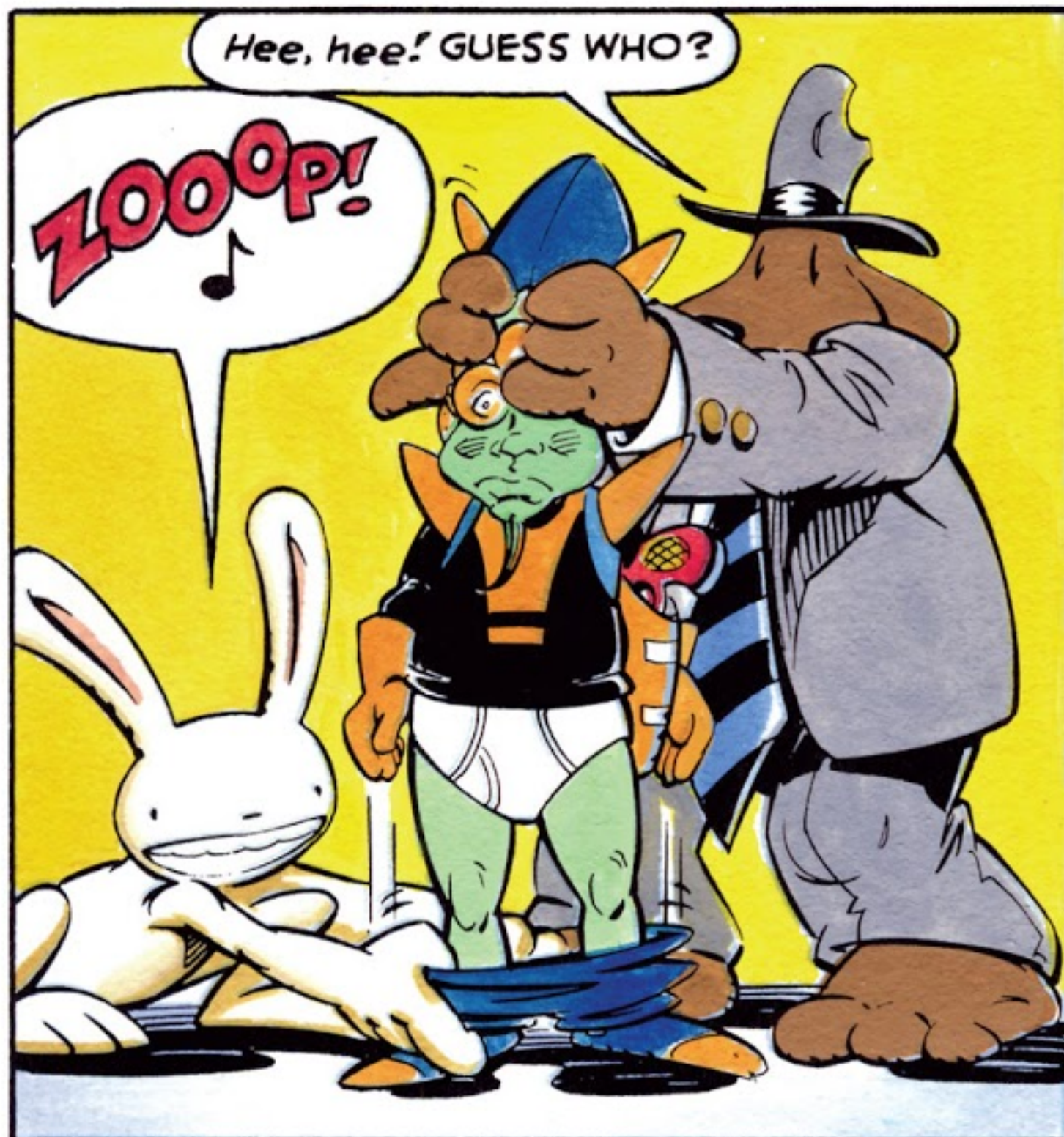
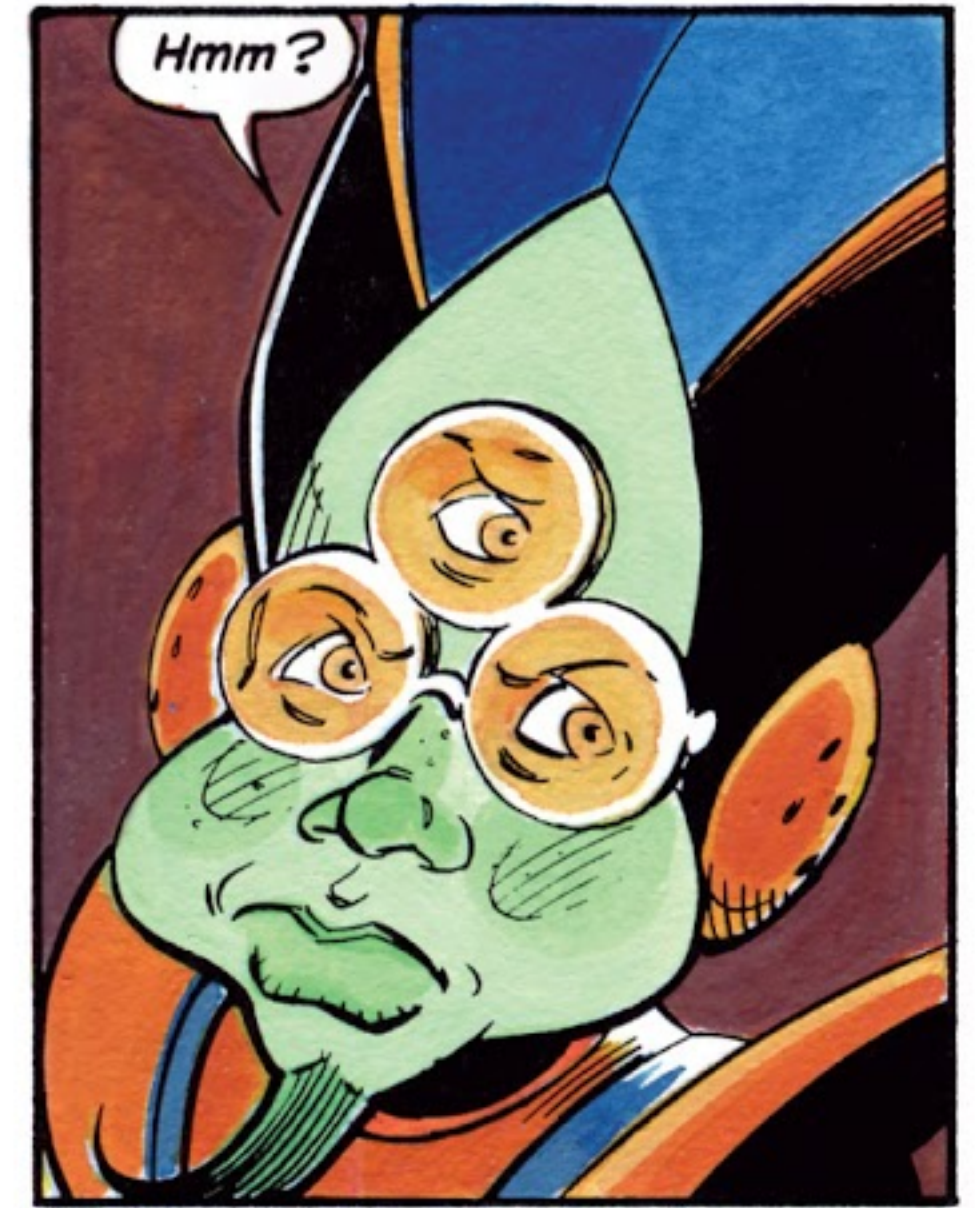
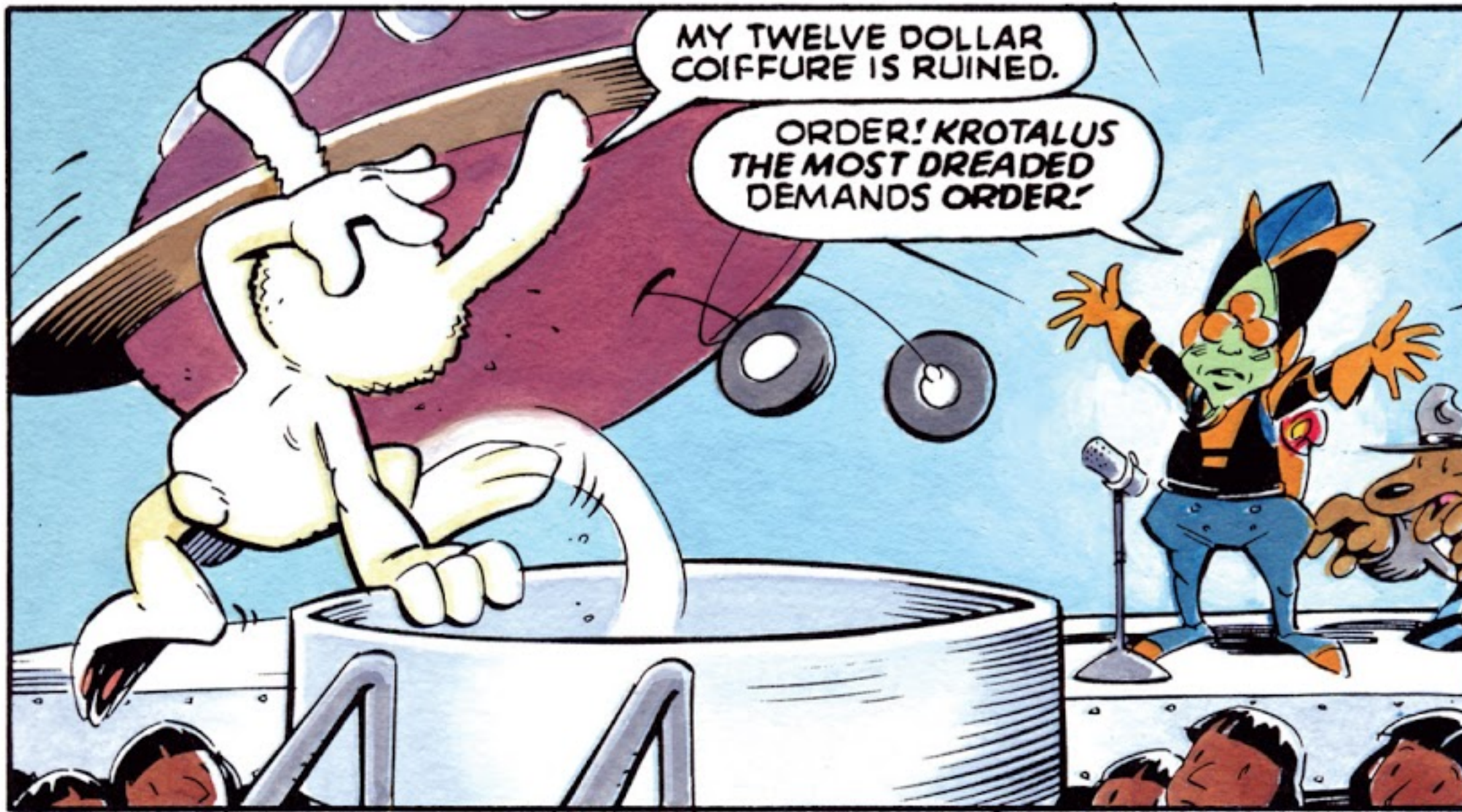
BASED ON THE ANCIENT HIERATIC
MANUSCRIPT: "SAM & MAX KICK
SOME ALIEN BUTT"

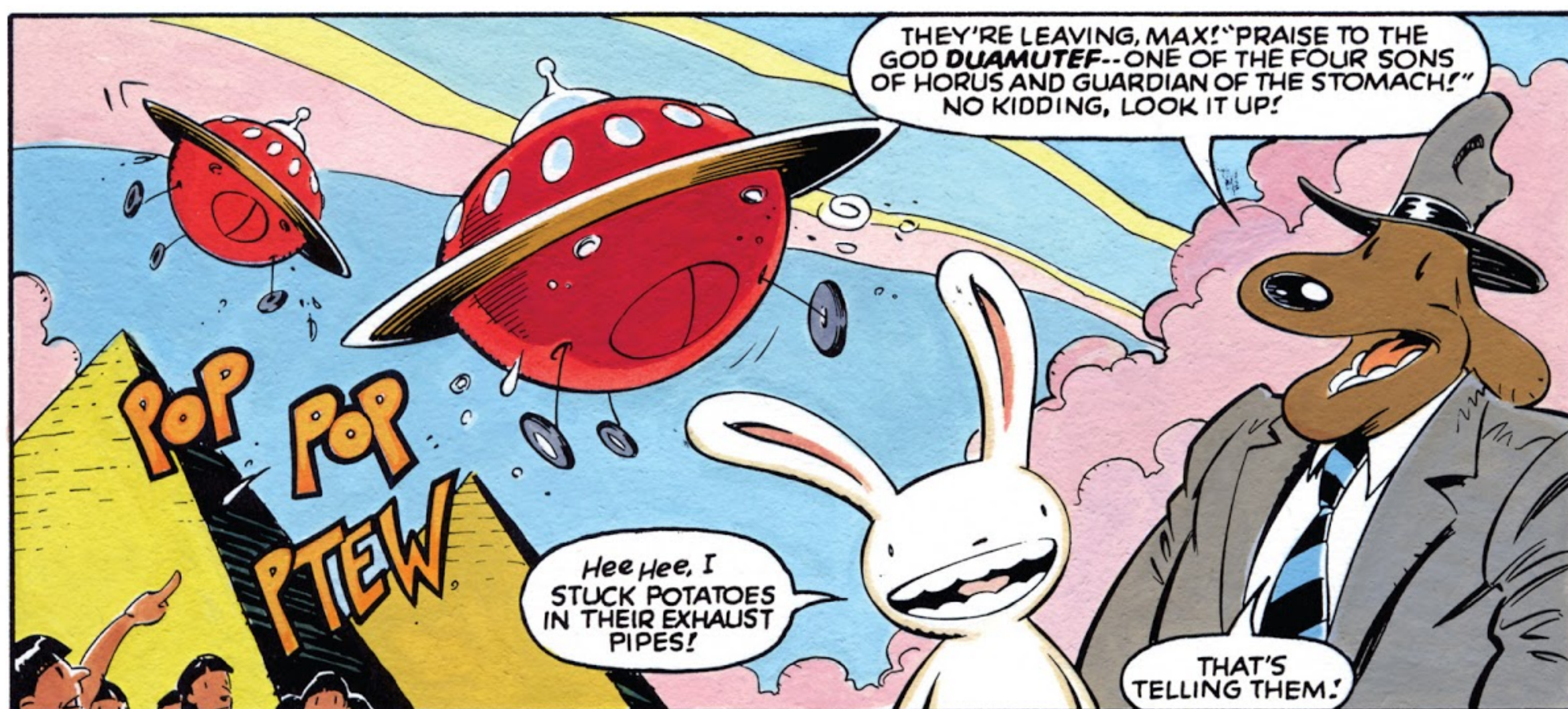












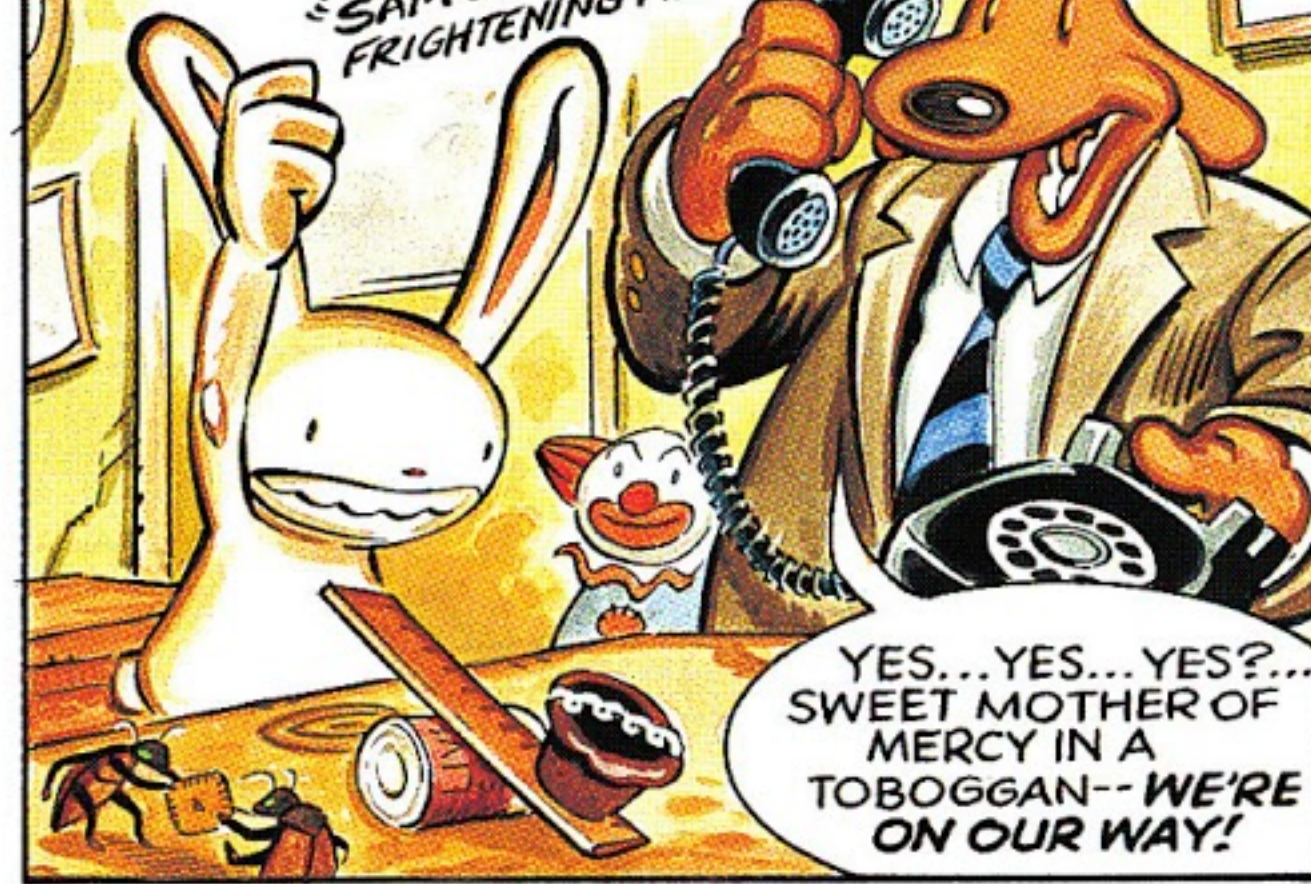
Thanks to SCOTT G. MIGNOLA, who somehow actually dreamed part of this story.



SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE
IN: "SAM & MAX MEET SOME
FRIGHTENING PIRATES"

BASED ON THE NOVELETTE:
"SAM & MAX MEET SOME
FRIGHTENING PIRATES"



YES... YES... YES?...
SWEET MOTHER OF
MERCY IN A
TOBOGGAN-- WE'RE
ON OUR WAY!



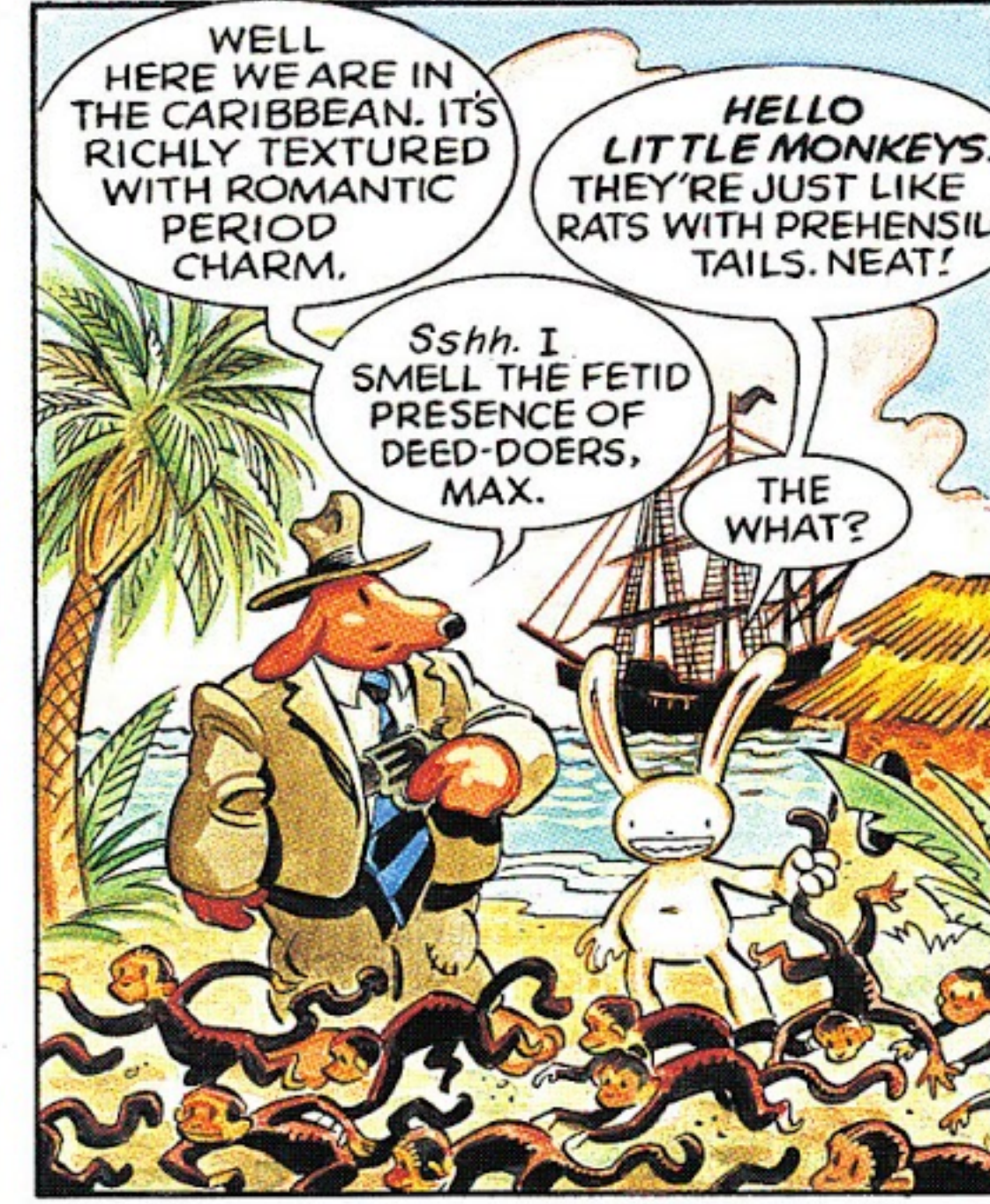
IT WAS
THE COMMISSIONER,
SAM, I MEAN MAX.
HE SAID THERE'S BAD
TROUBLE IN THE
17TH CENTURY!

SOME KIND
OF PIRATEY
NONSENSE.

LET'S
MOVE--
UNKH!

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LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS



WELL
HERE WE ARE IN
THE CARIBBEAN. IT'S
RICHLY TEXTURED
WITH ROMANTIC
PERIOD
CHARM.

HELLO
LITTLE MONKEYS!
THEY'RE JUST LIKE
RATS WITH PREHENSILE
TAILS. NEAT!

Sshh. I
SMELL THE FETID
PRESENCE OF
DEED-DOERS,
MAX.

THE
WHAT?



WE'LL BE BURYIN'
SLIPPERY JACK ALIVE
AND THEN AHRR
TREASURE WILL BE
PROTECTED FROM
UNWASHED MISCREANTS
LIKE US.

SOUNDS
FAIR, I
GUESS.

OKAY
BREAK IT UP!
WHAT THE HECK'S
GOING ON
HERE?

Ooh.
THAT'S TELLING
HIM.



THIS ISN'T NICE.
AND I'M PRETTY
SURE IT'S AGAINST
THE LAW.

WE'RE PIRATES AND
WE'RE REALLY
CRANKY. THAT'S
OUR JOB.

YEAH.
SO HOSE OFF,
DOG LIPS.

HEY. HEY.



OOPS.

Uh-oh.



MAX! MAX!
WAKE UP, LITTLE
BUDDY!

Oh... THERE
CERTAINLY IS NO
PLACE LIKE HOME. IS
IT REALLY A
DREAM, SAM?



WELL...NO.

EVERYTHING
WILL BE JUST FINE,
DON'T YOU THINK?

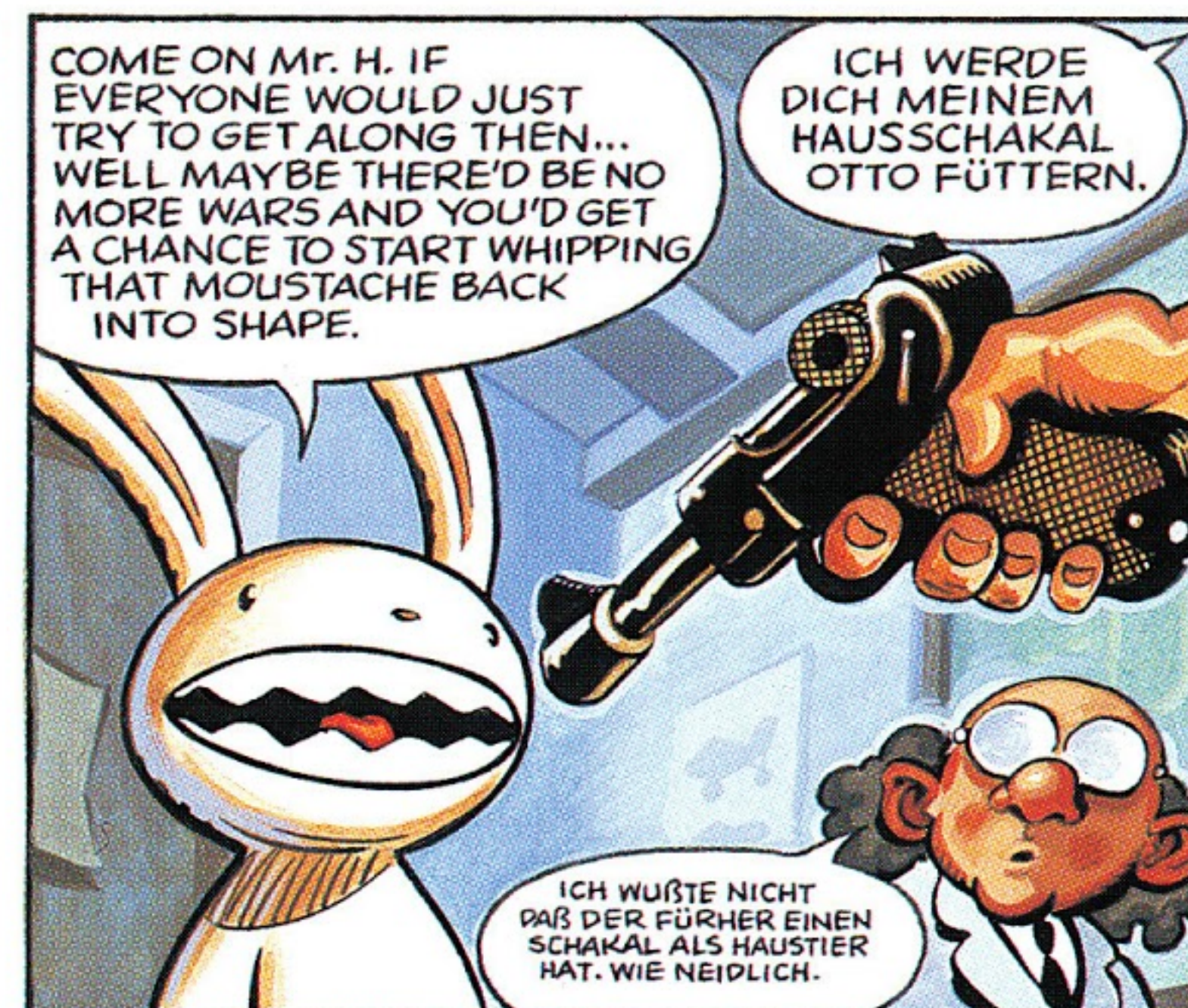
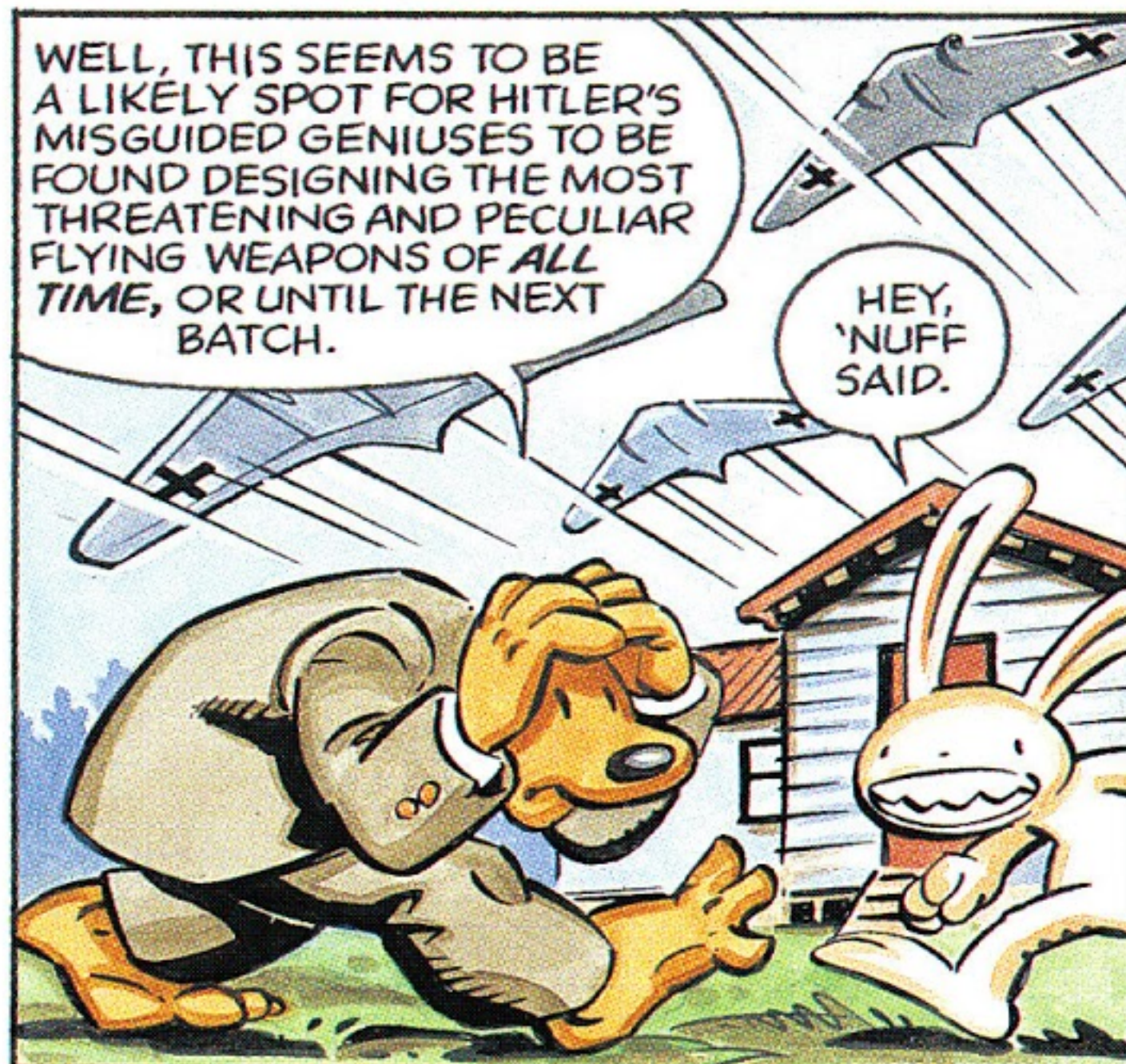
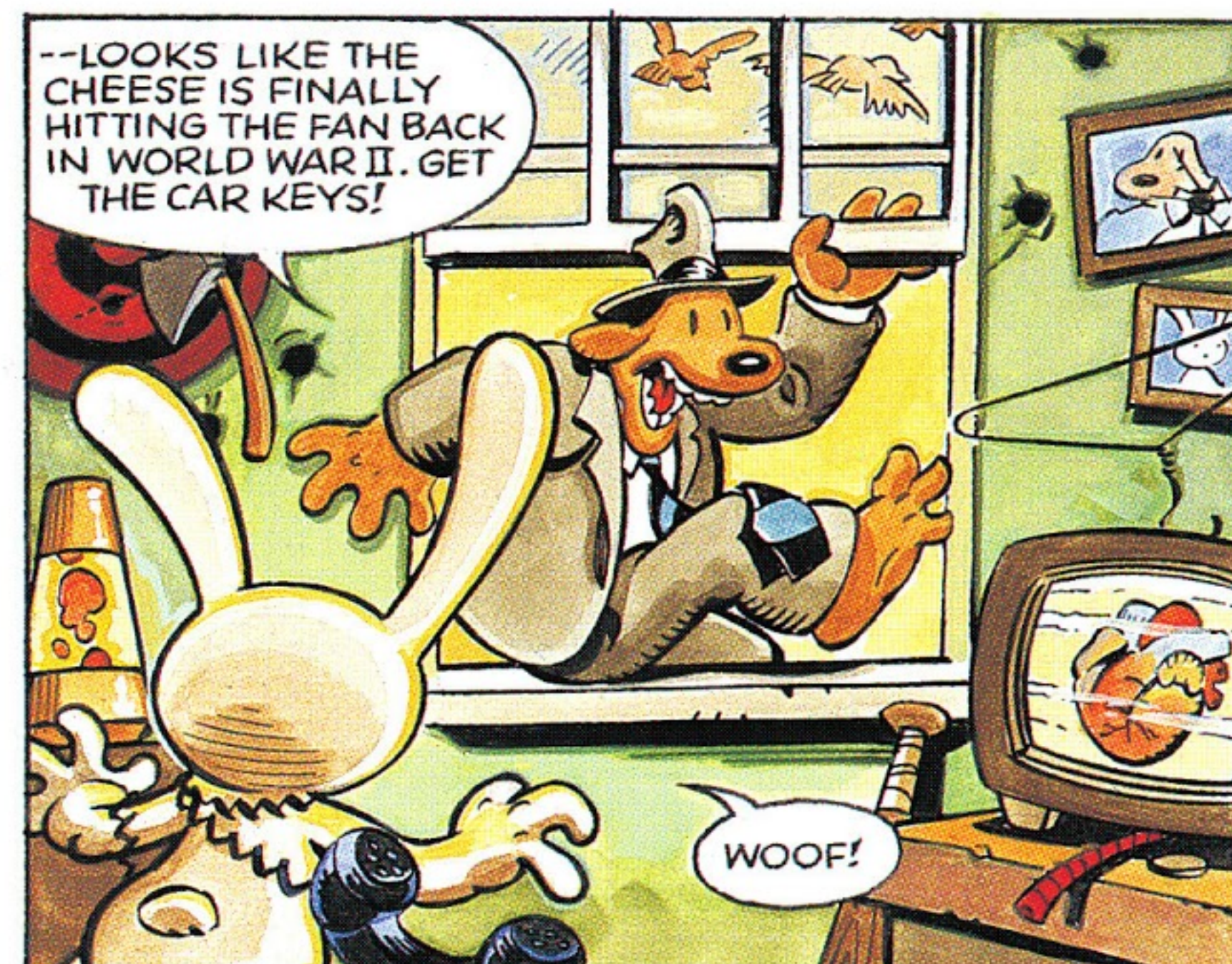
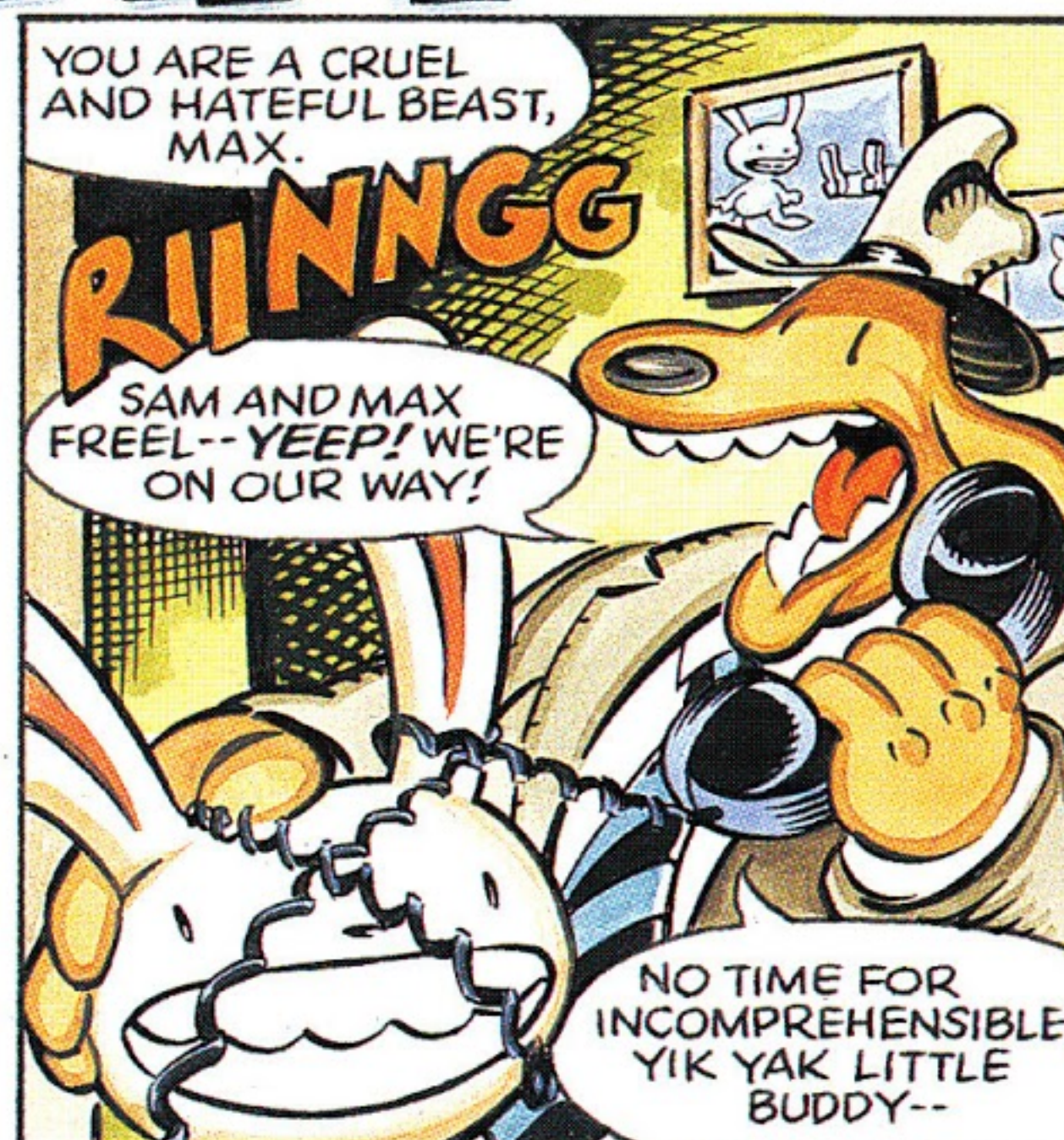
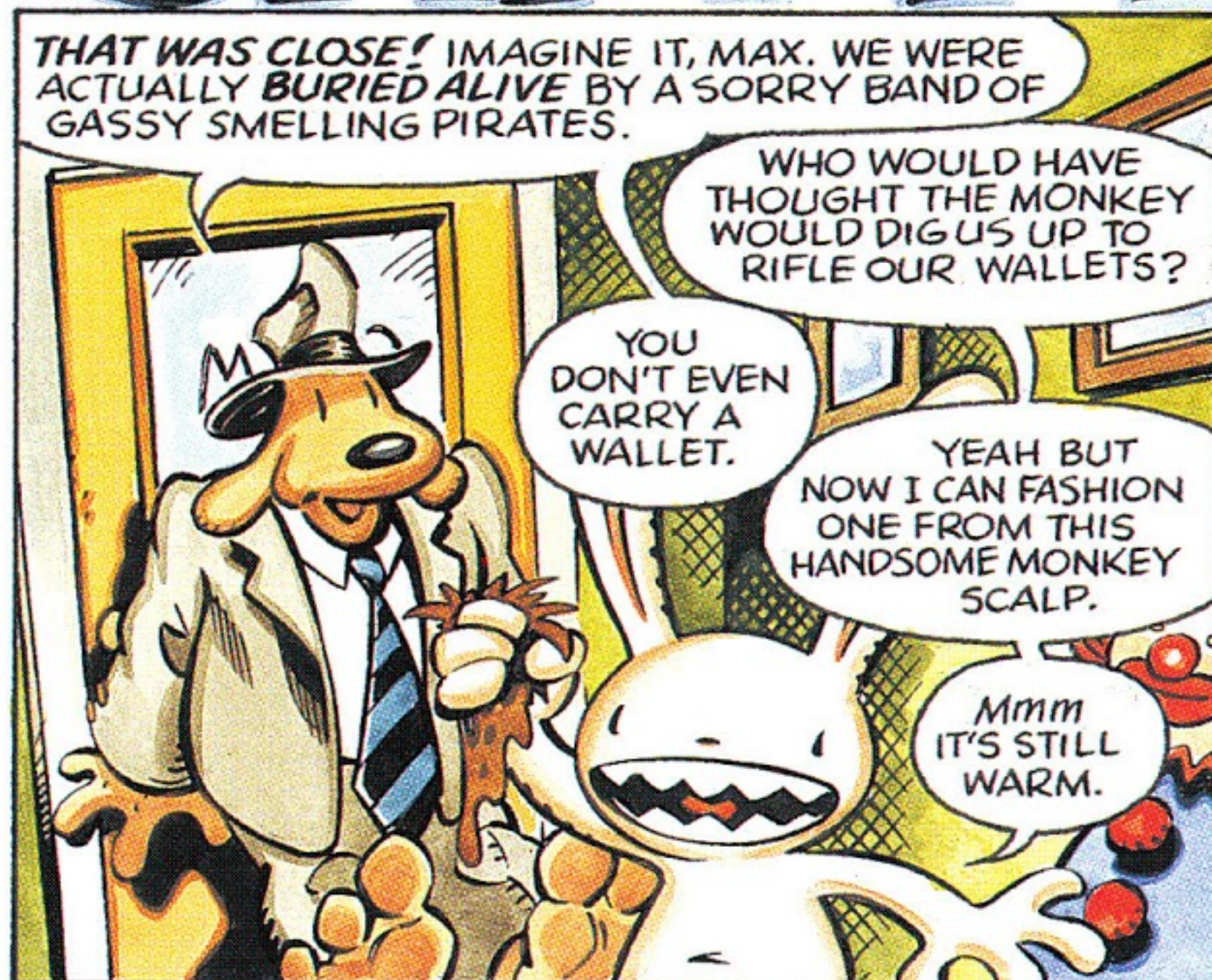
SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE

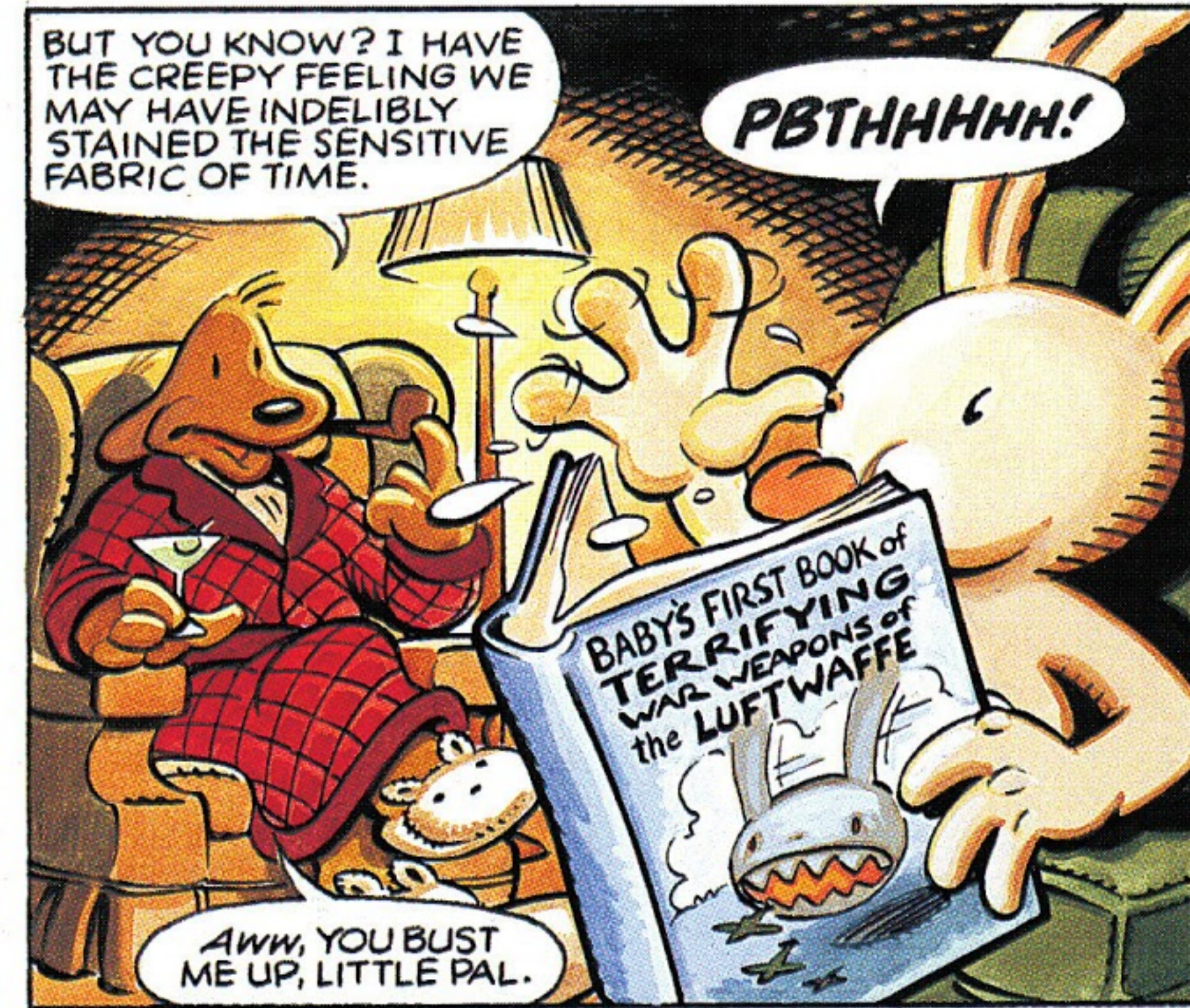
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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT: KALANI STREICHER

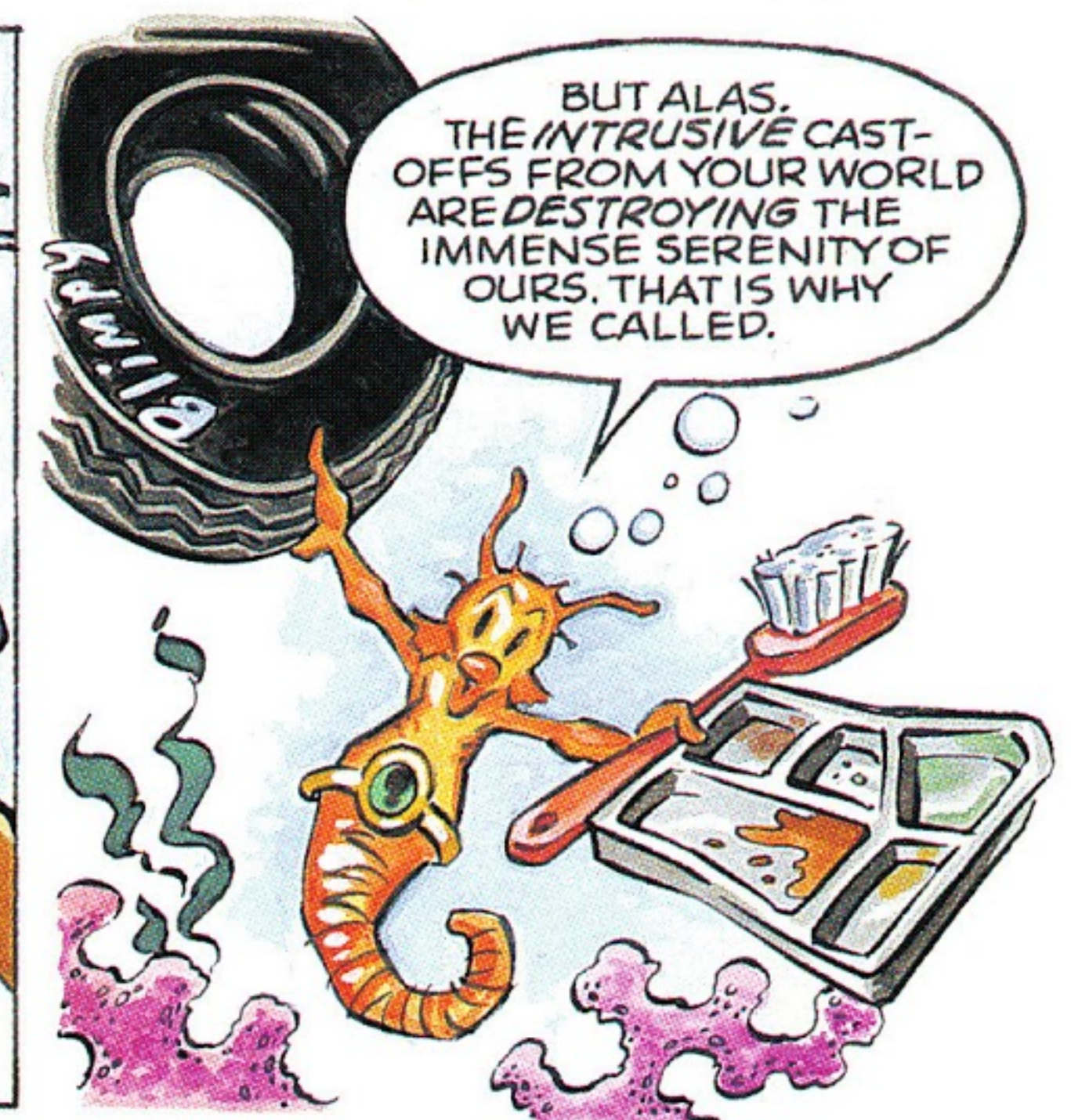
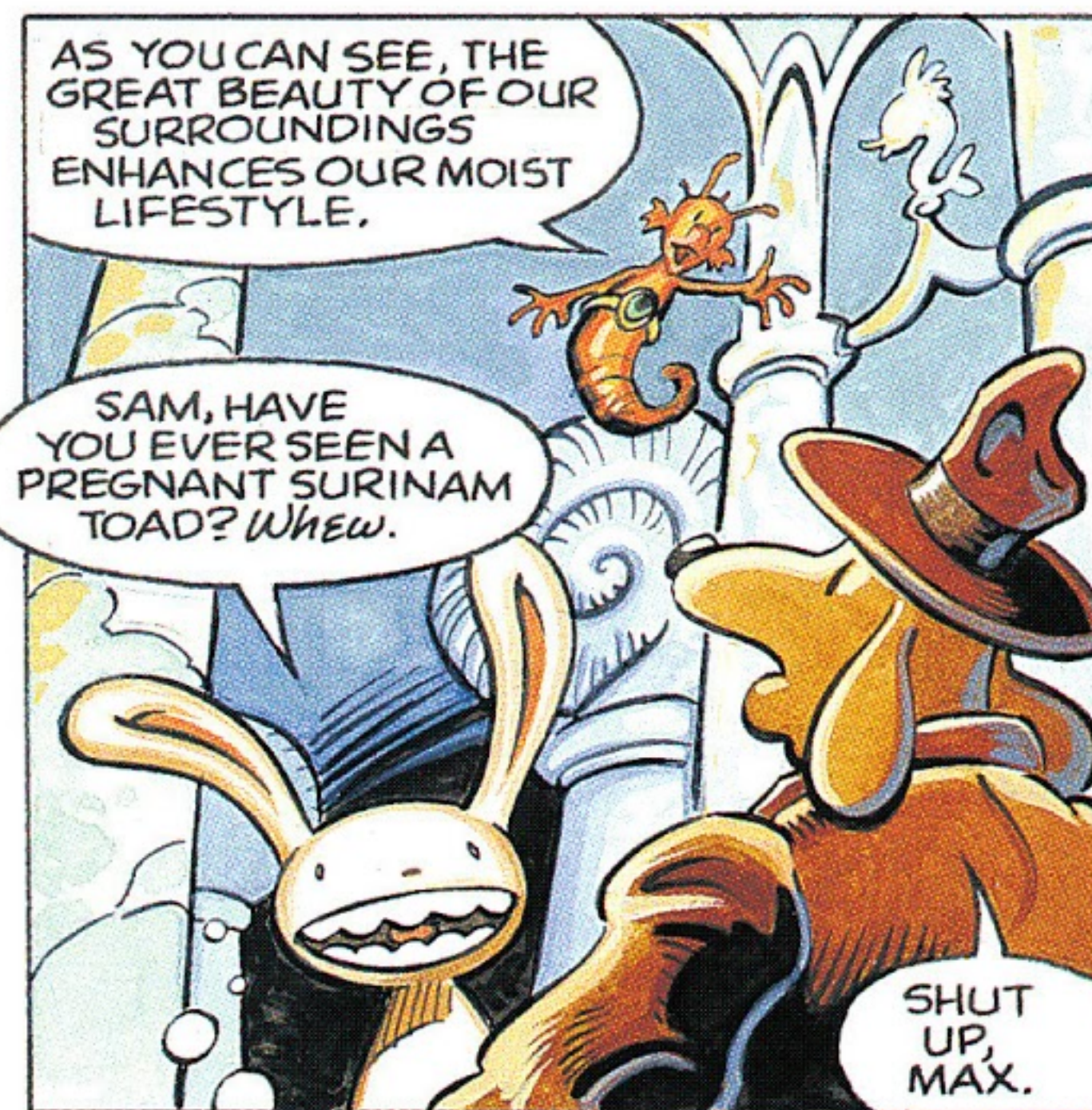
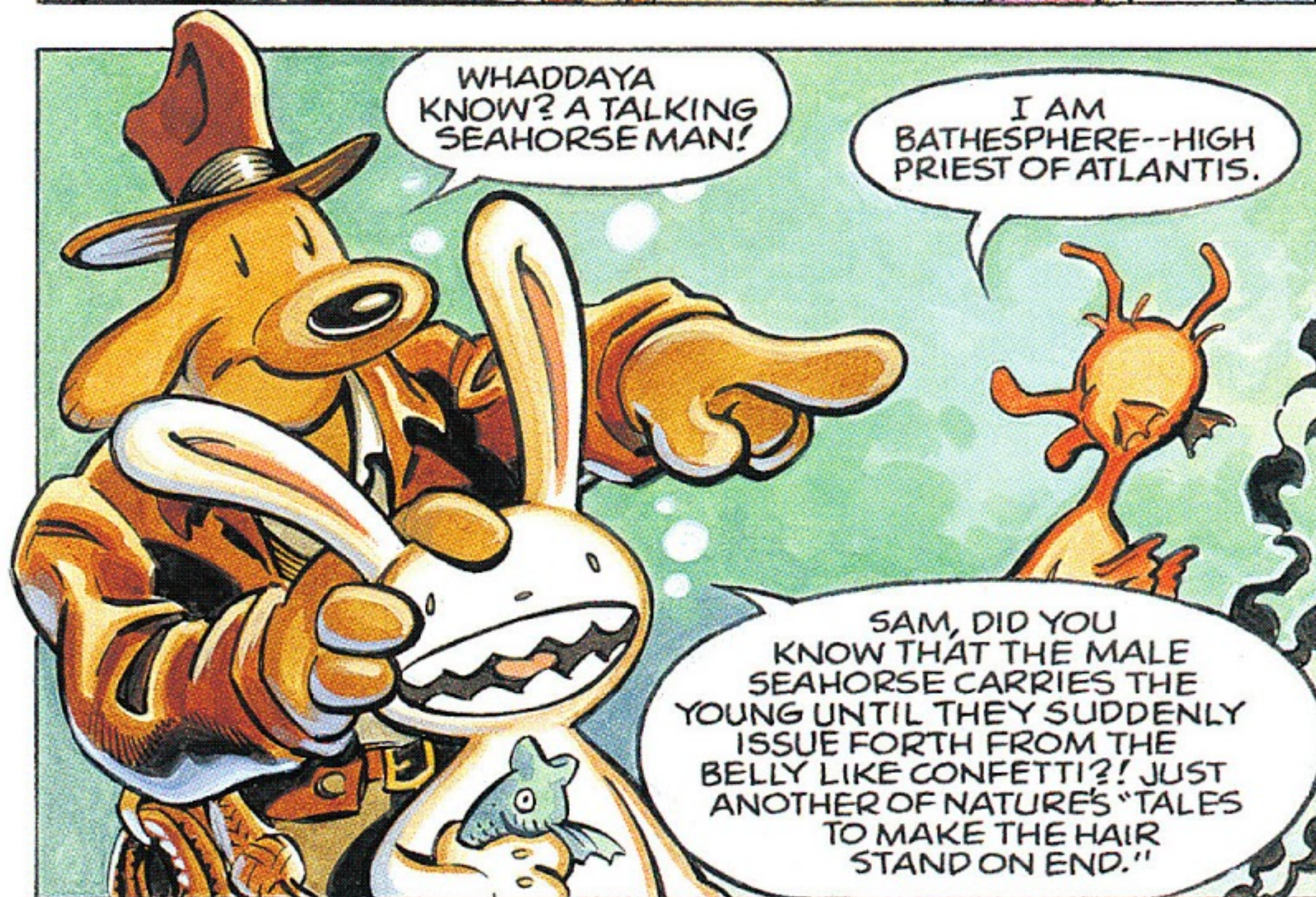
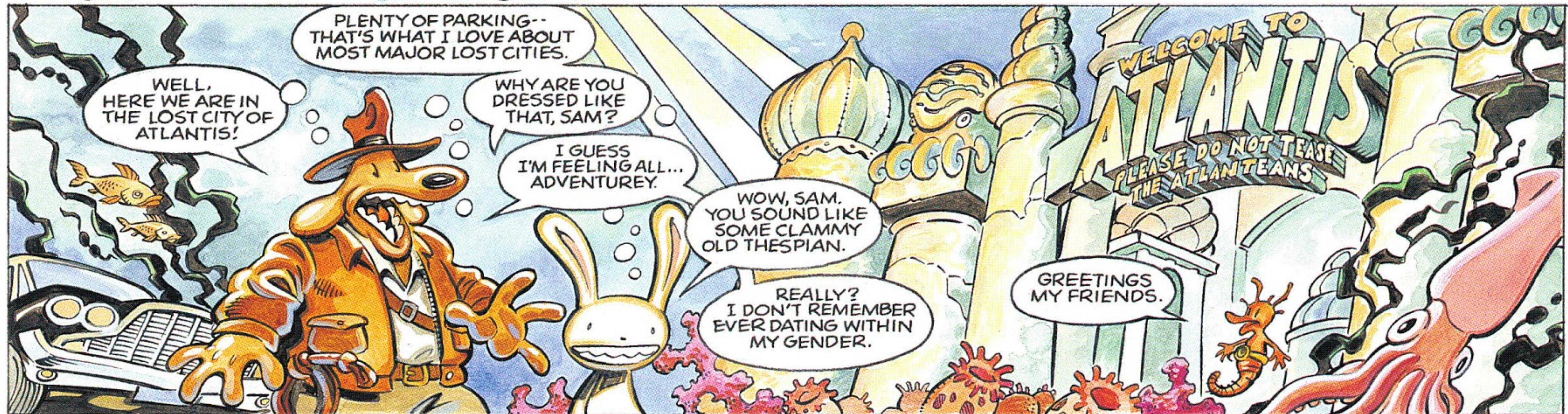


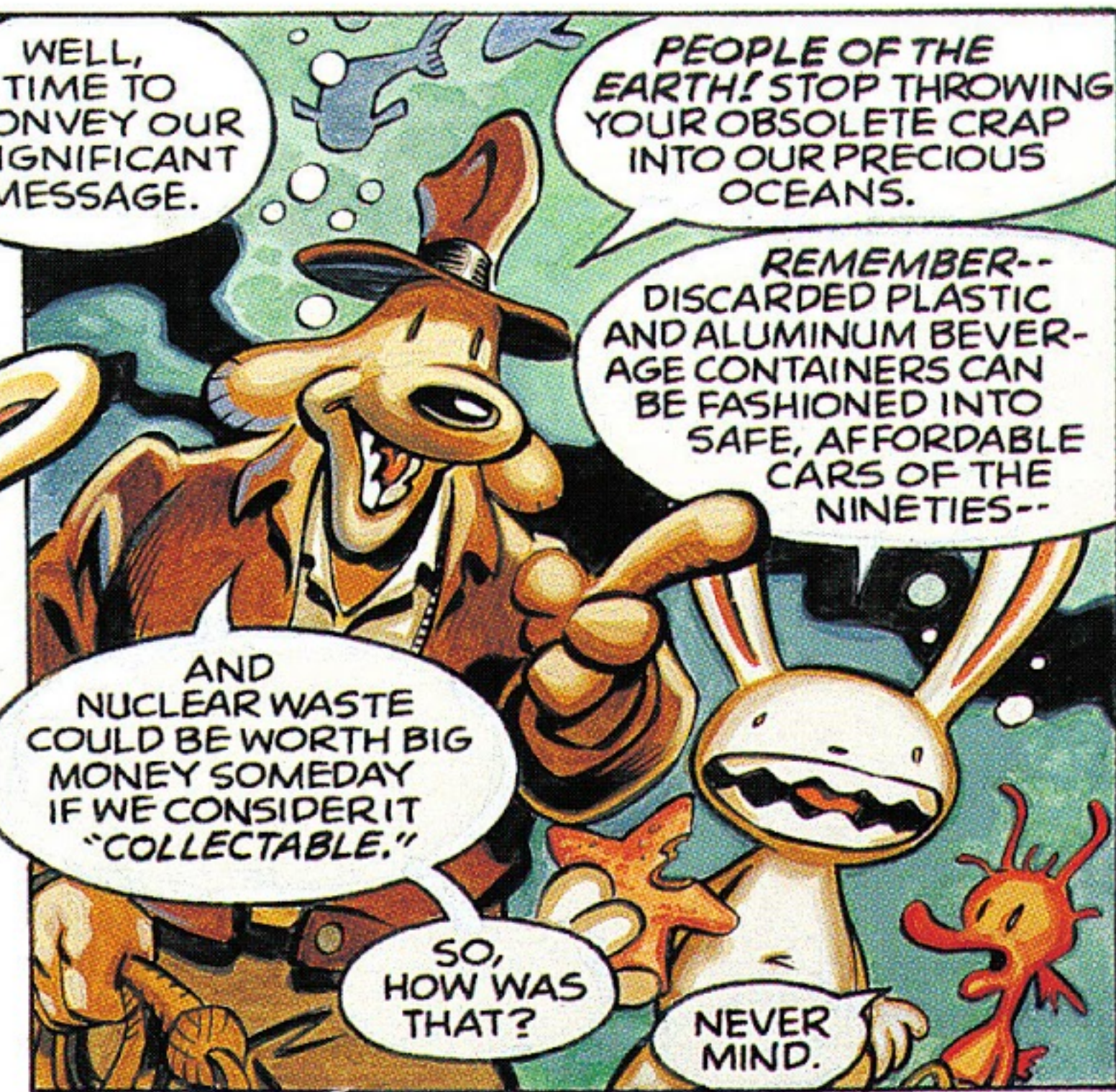
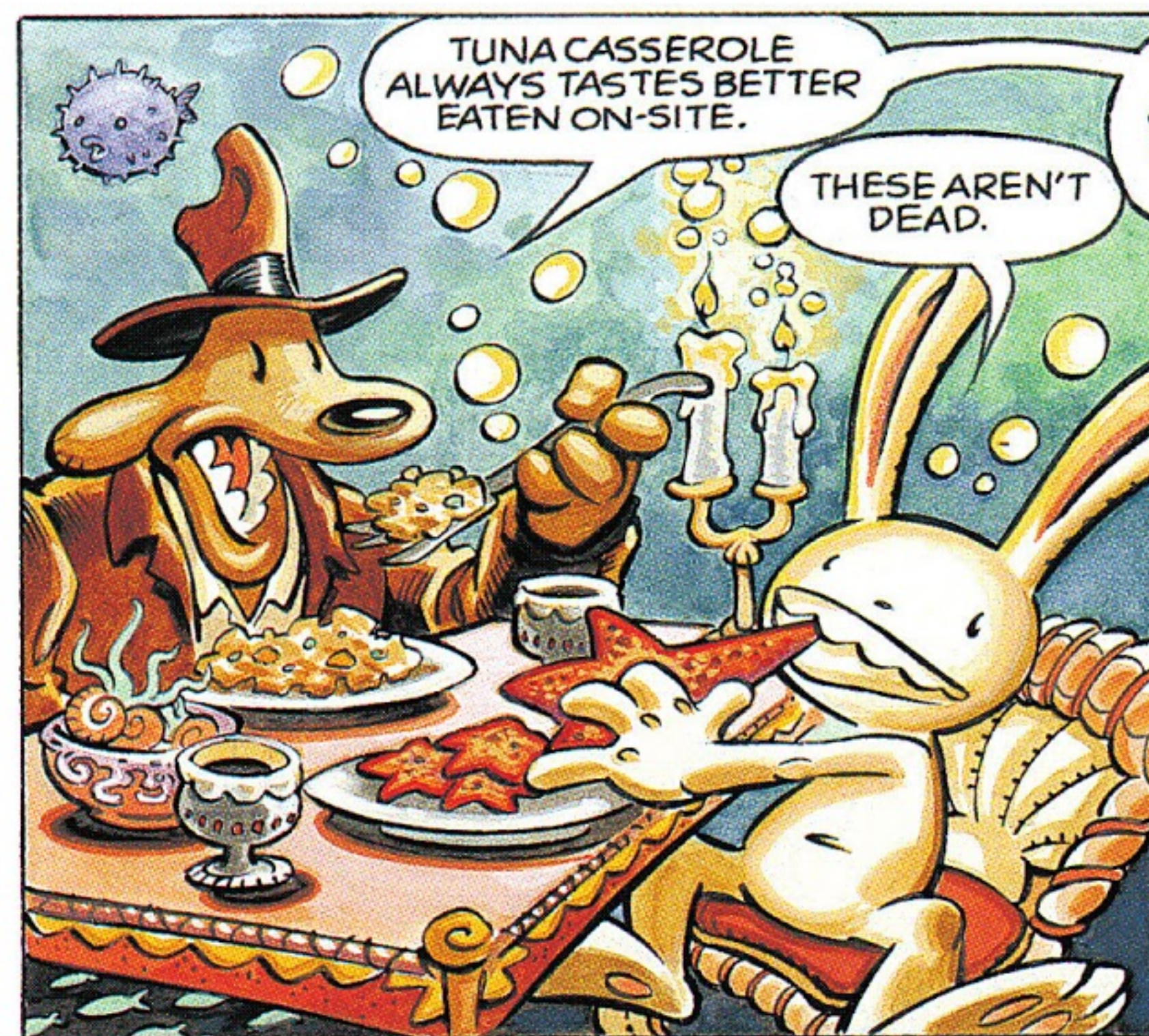
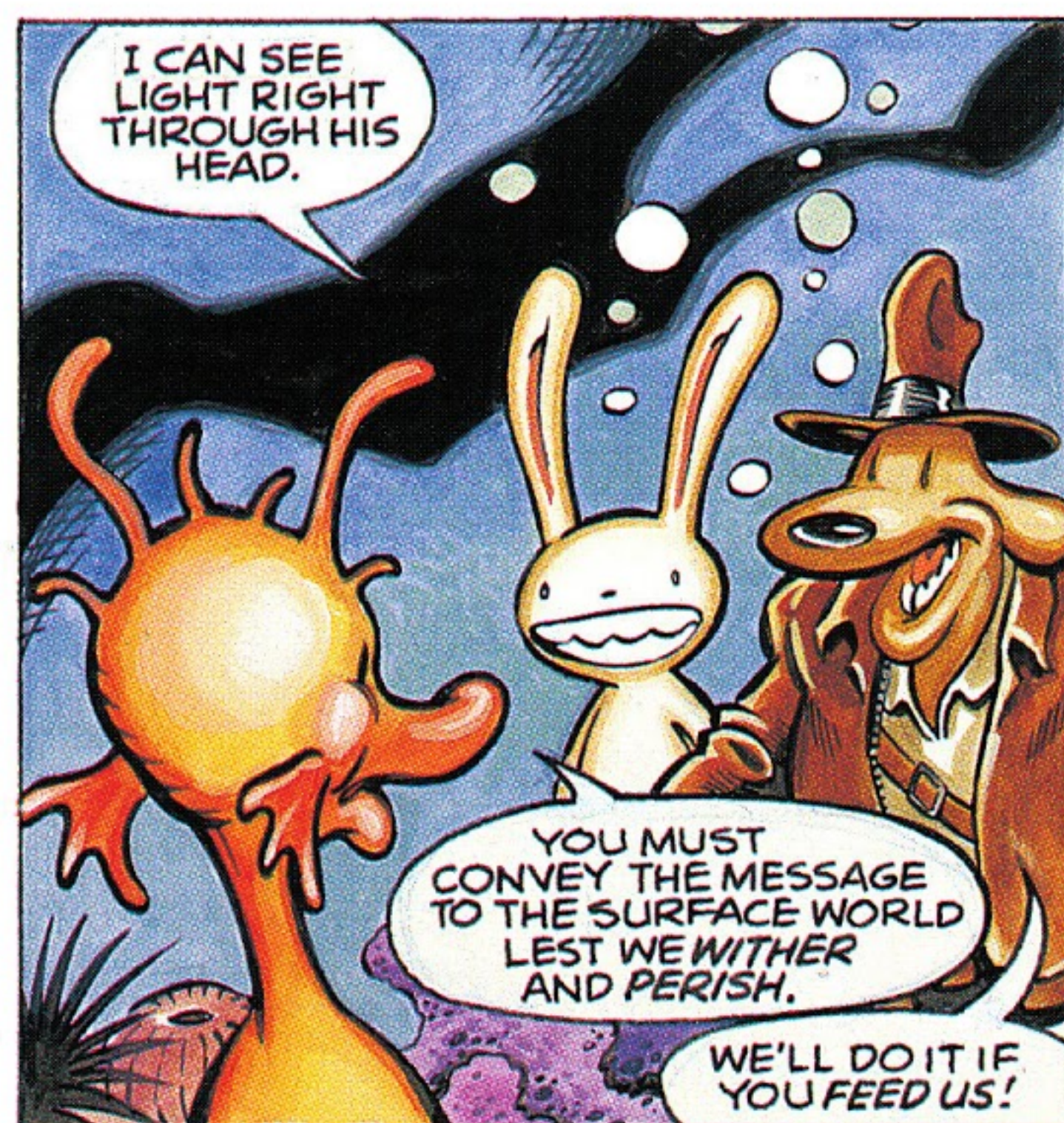


SAM & MAX

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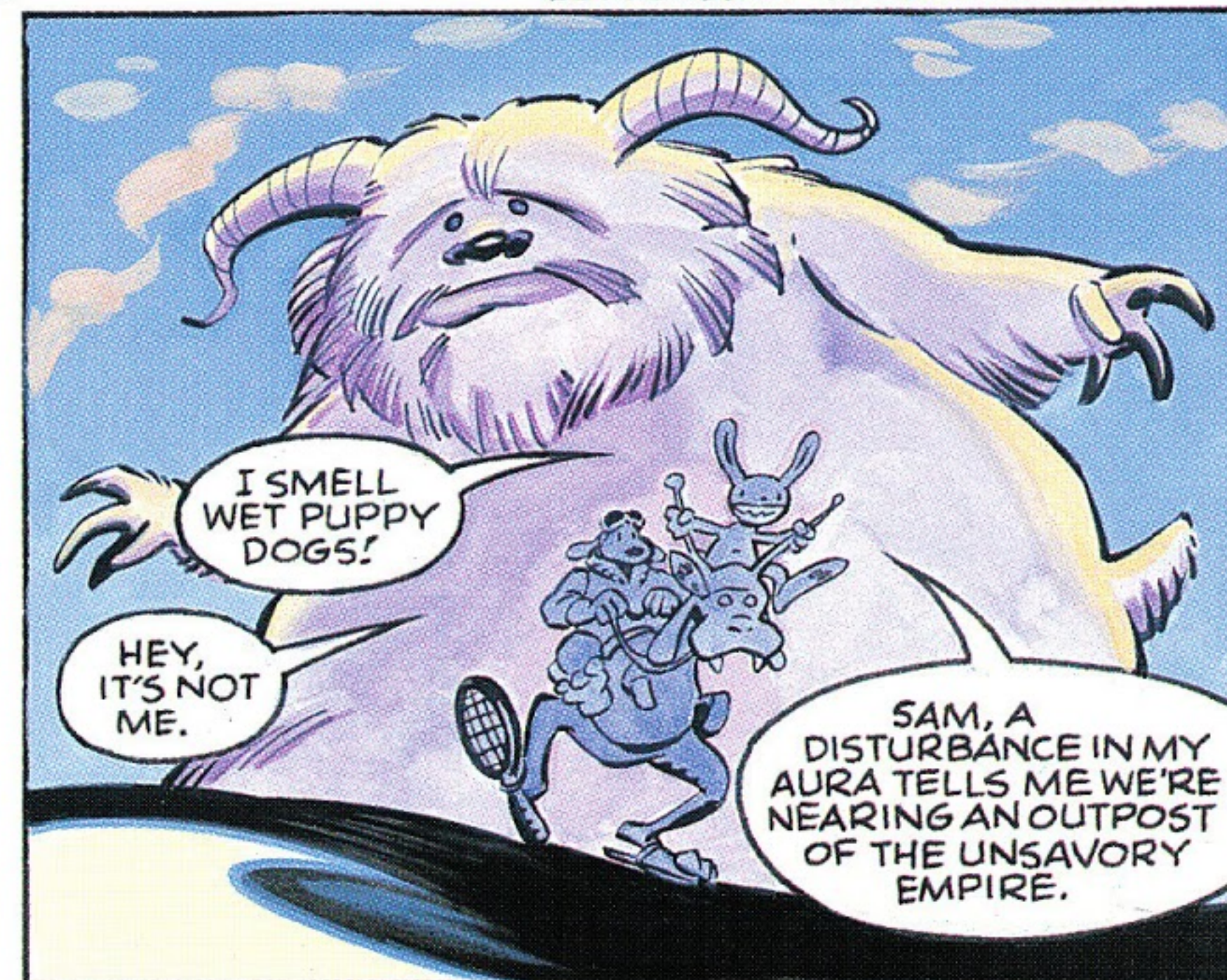
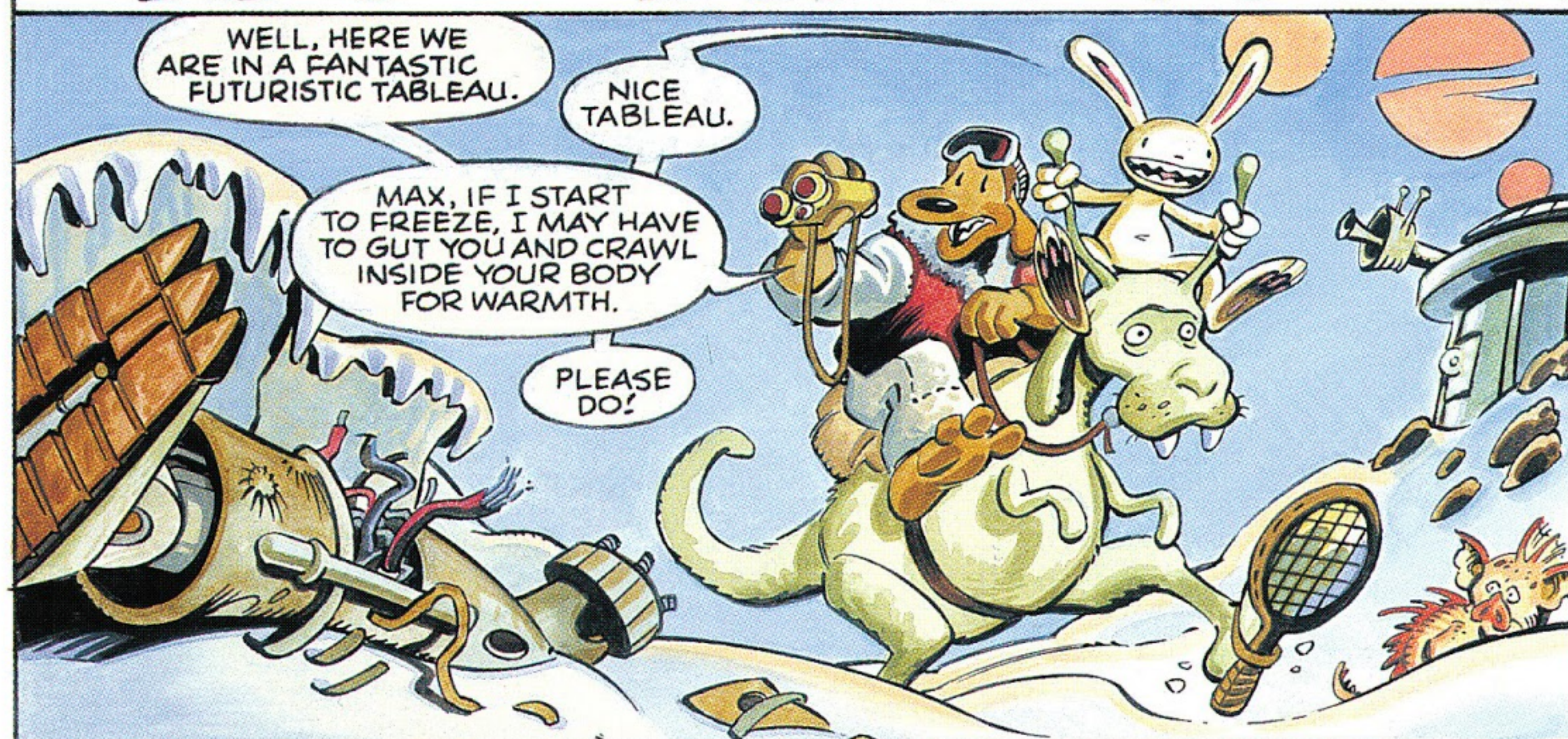


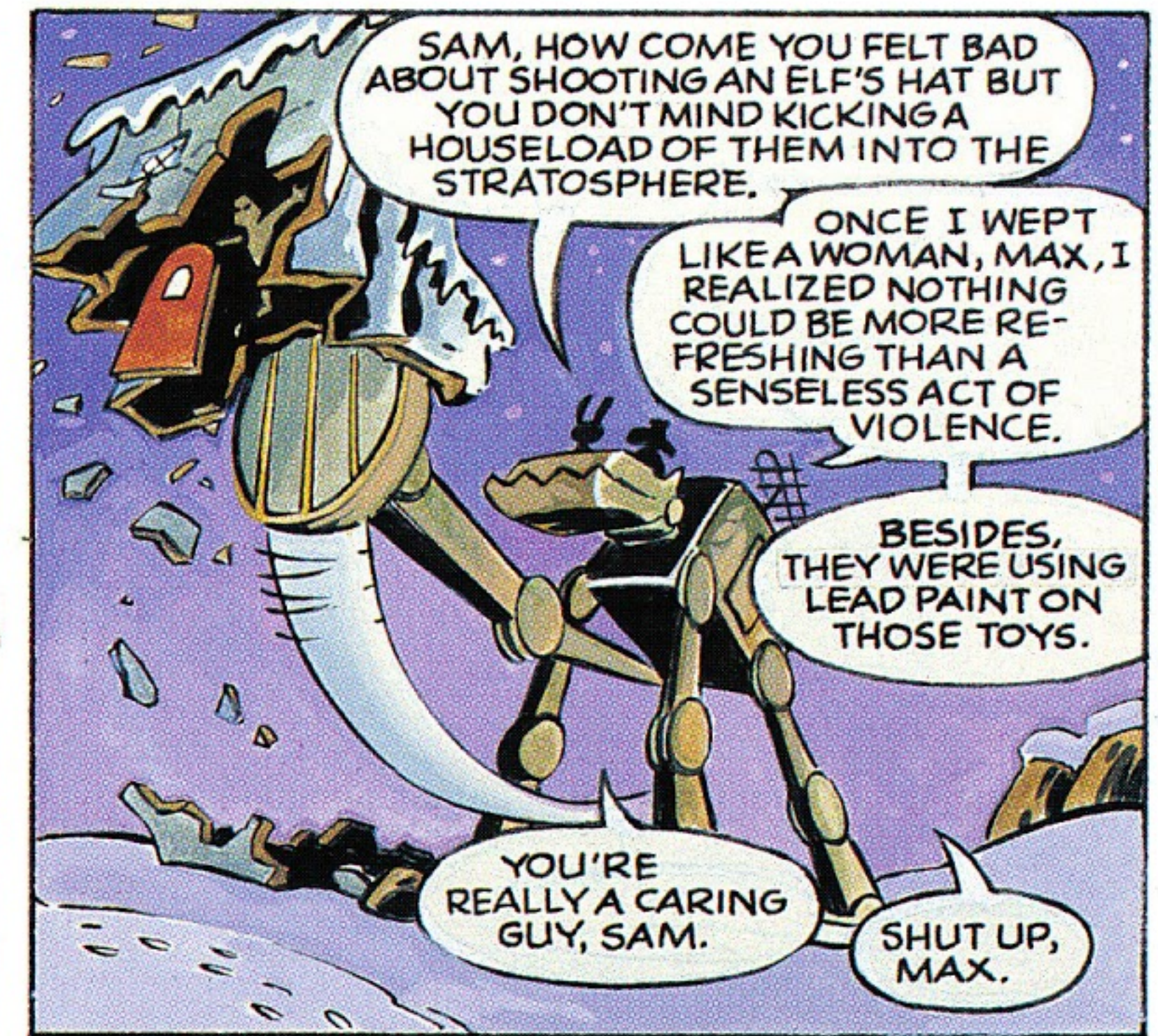
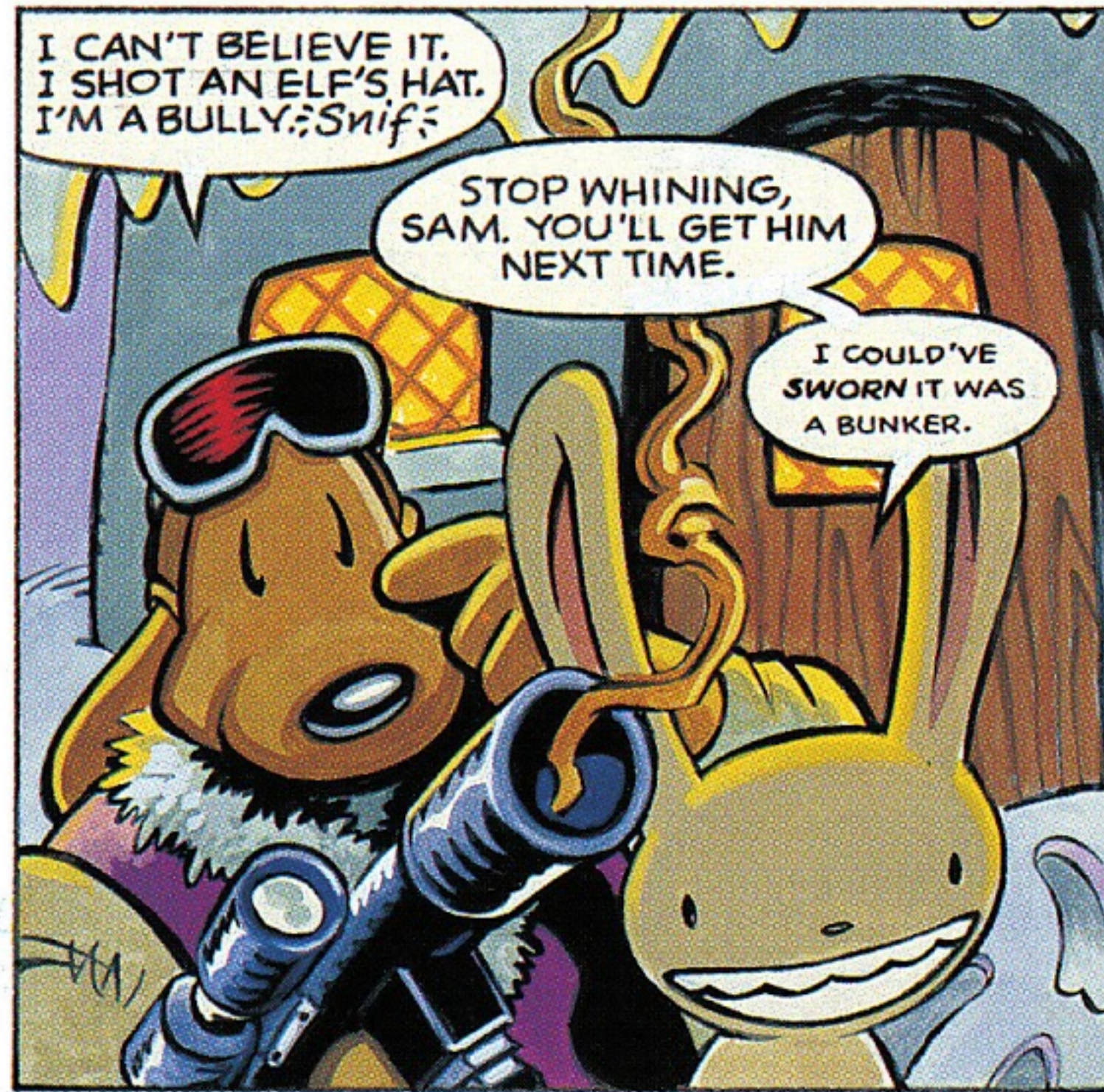


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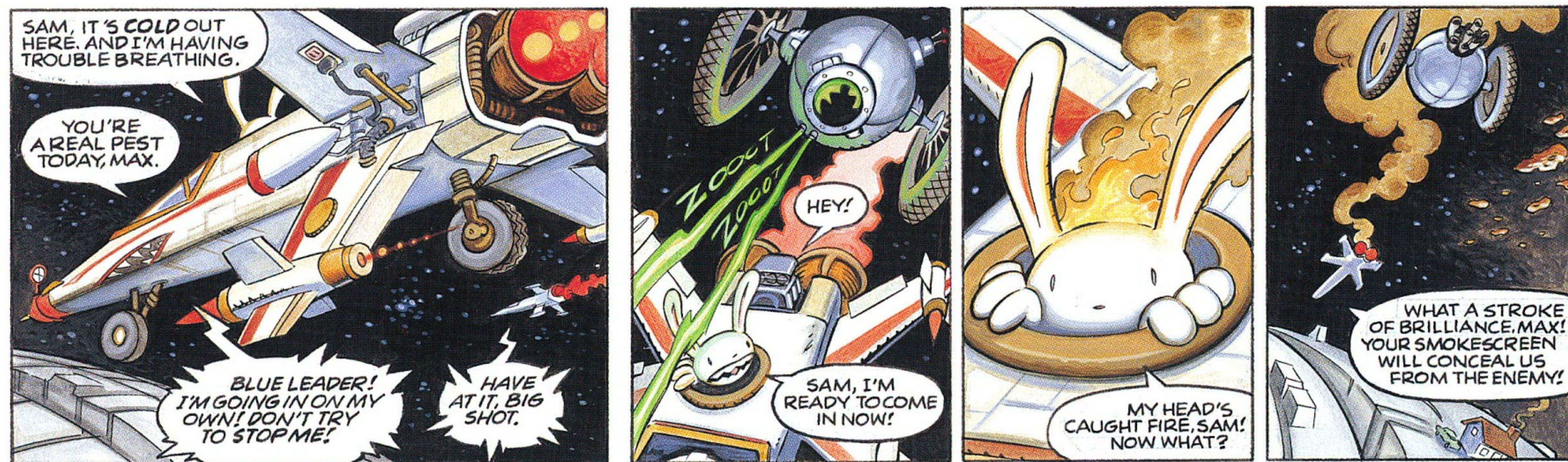
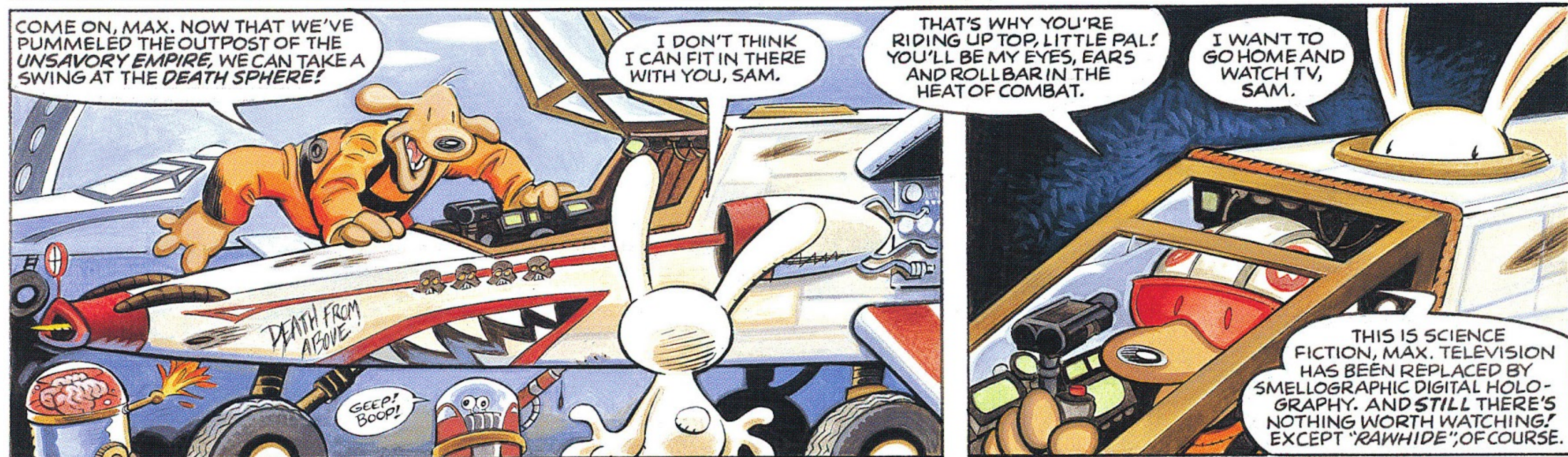


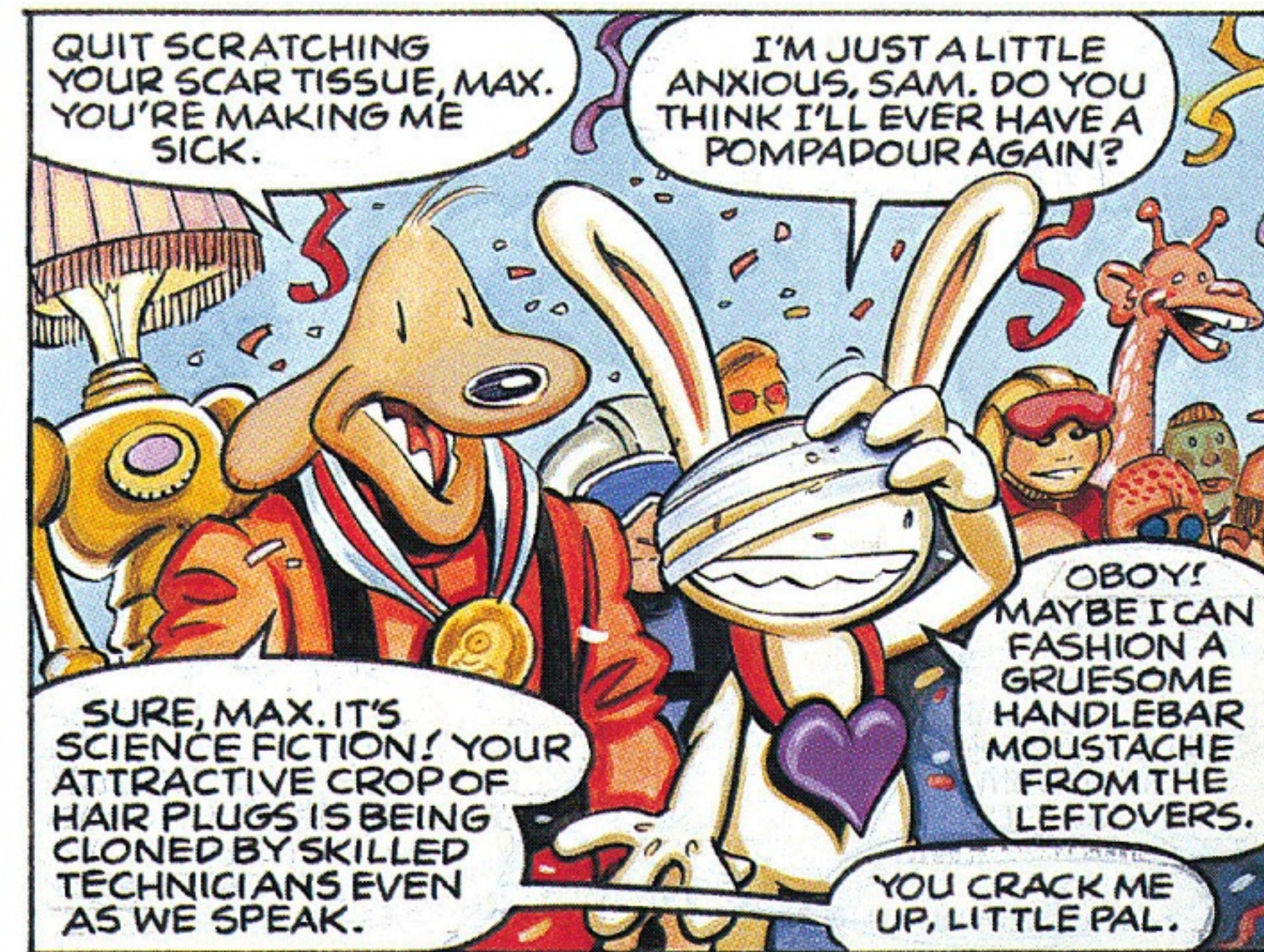
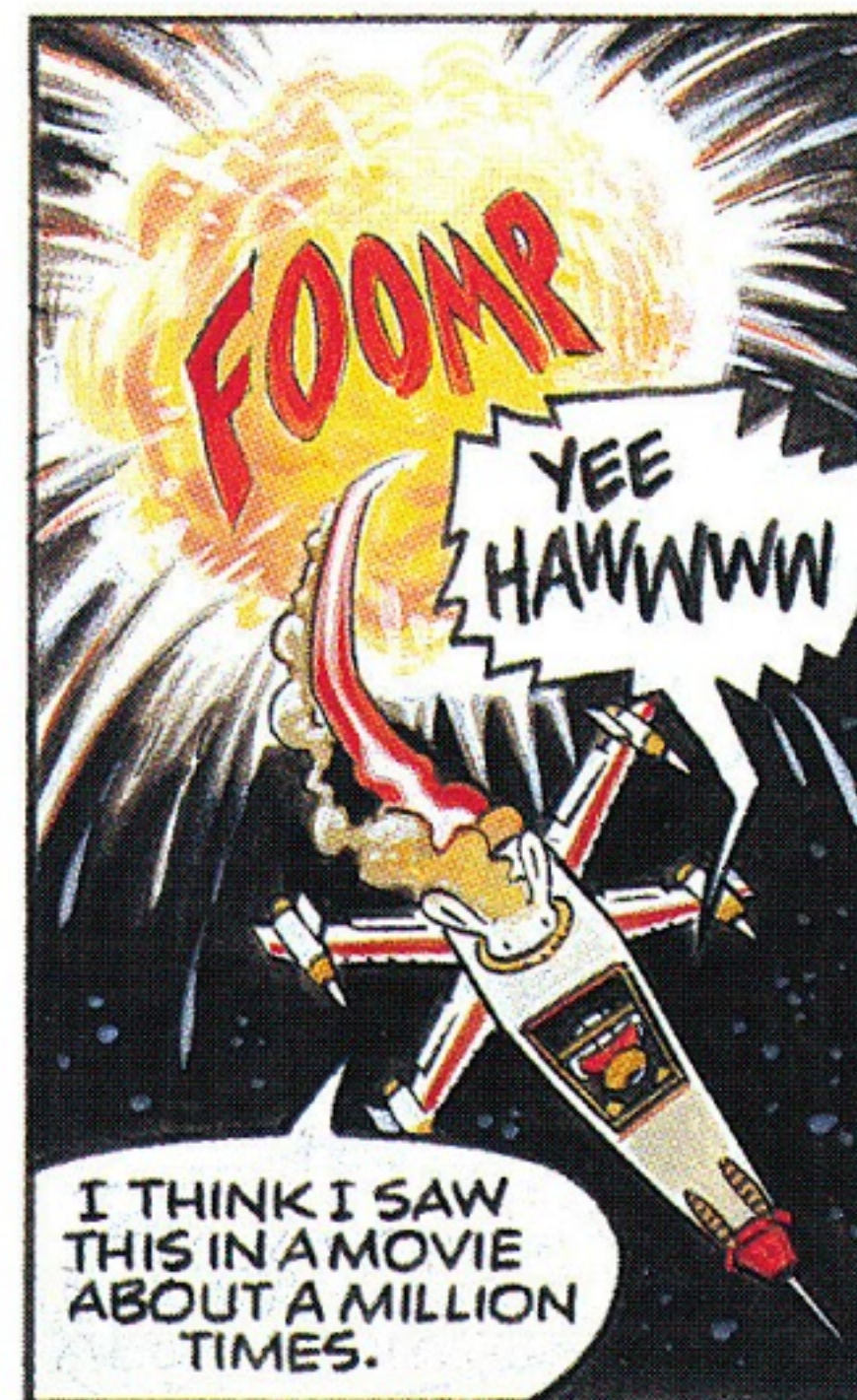
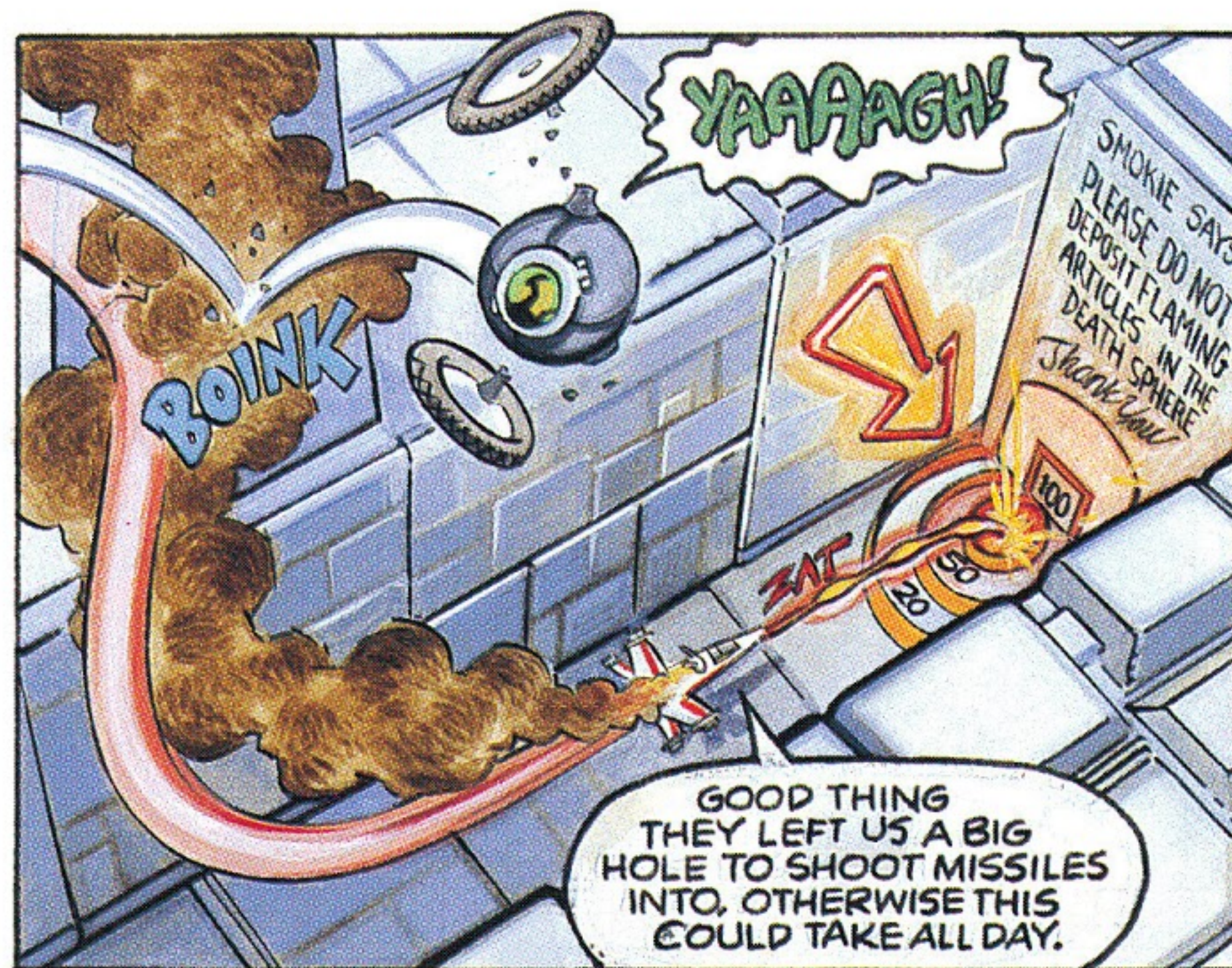
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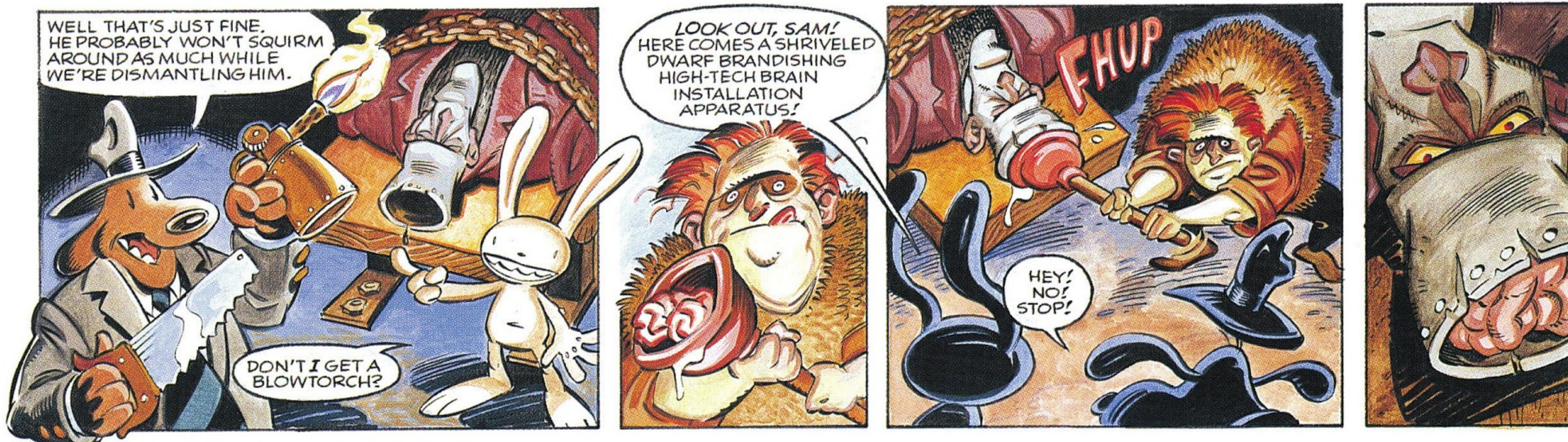
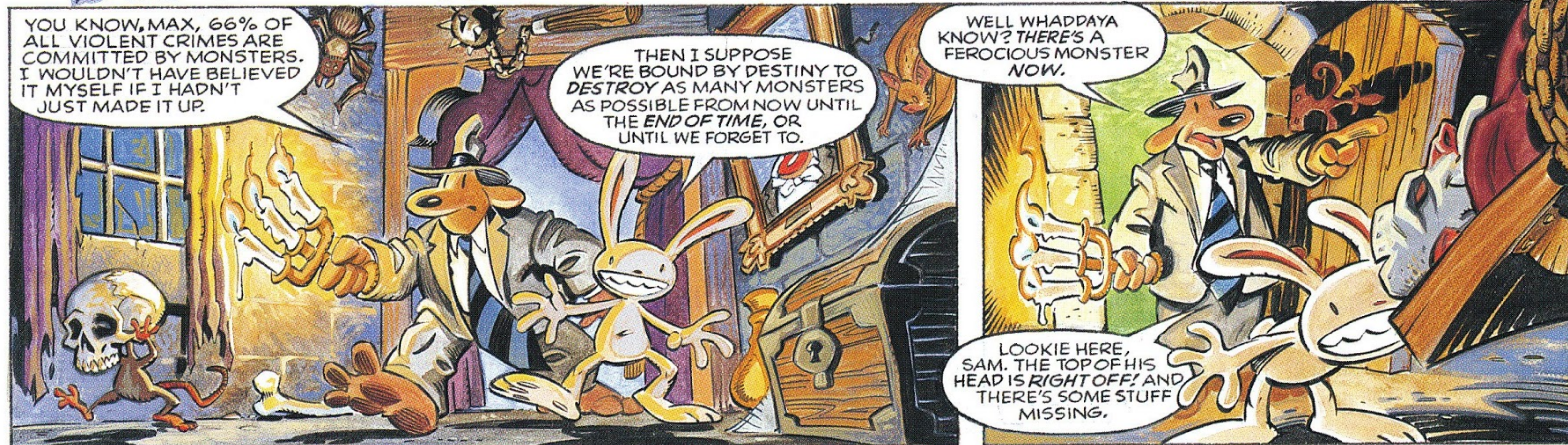


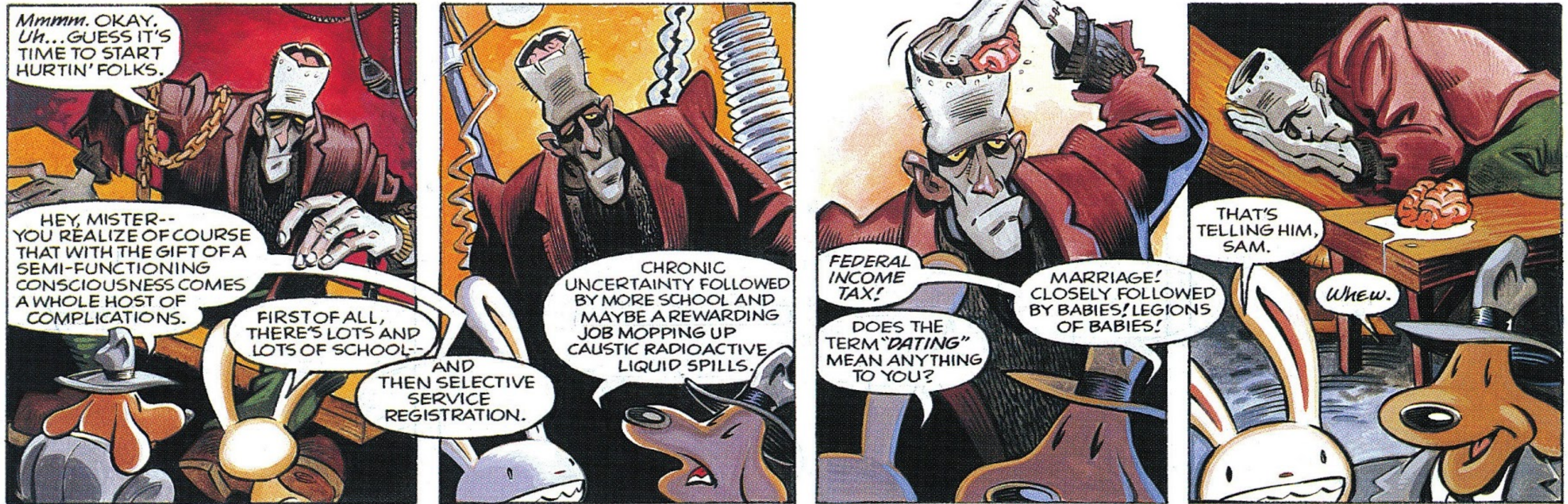
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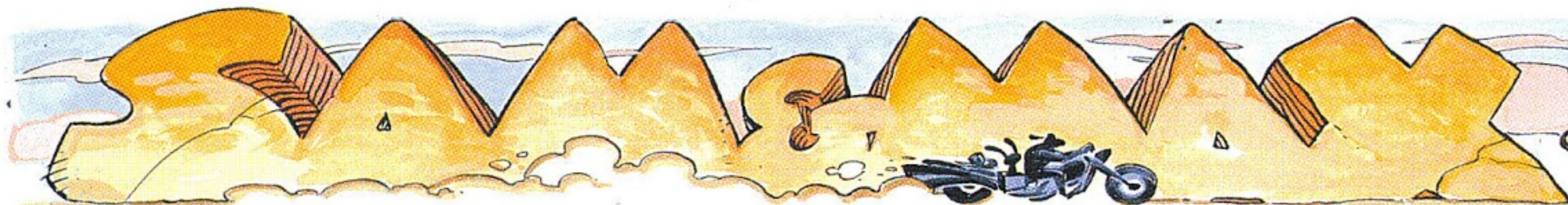
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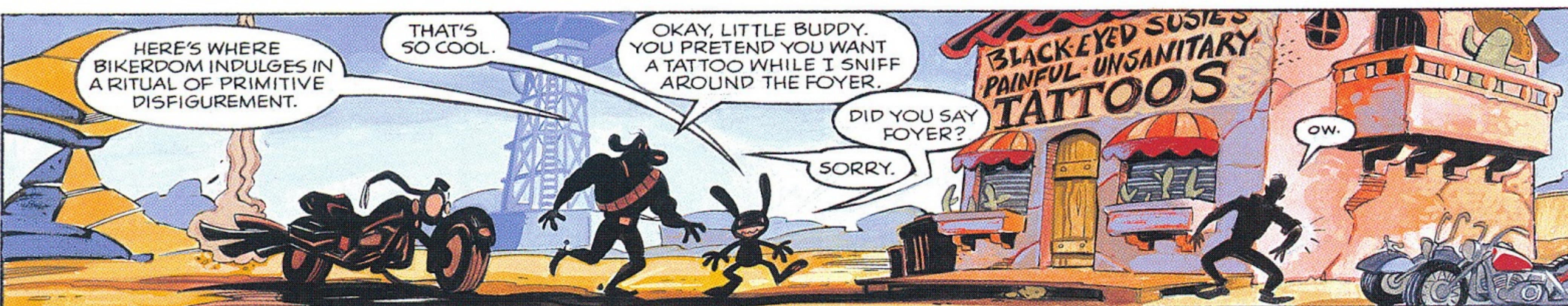
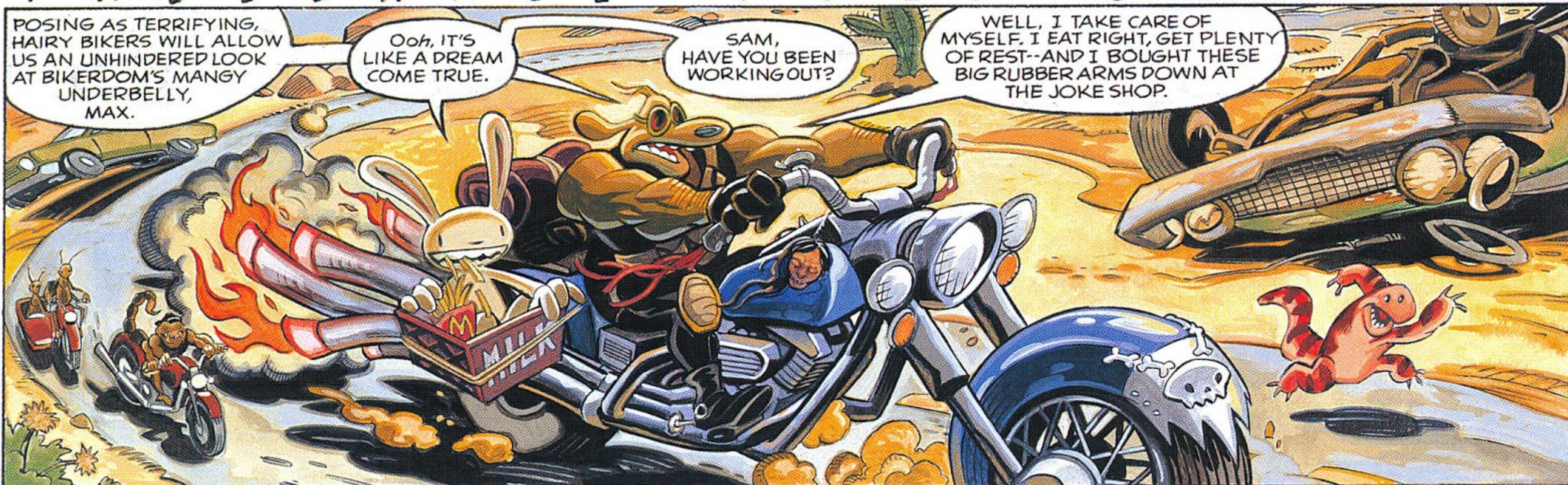


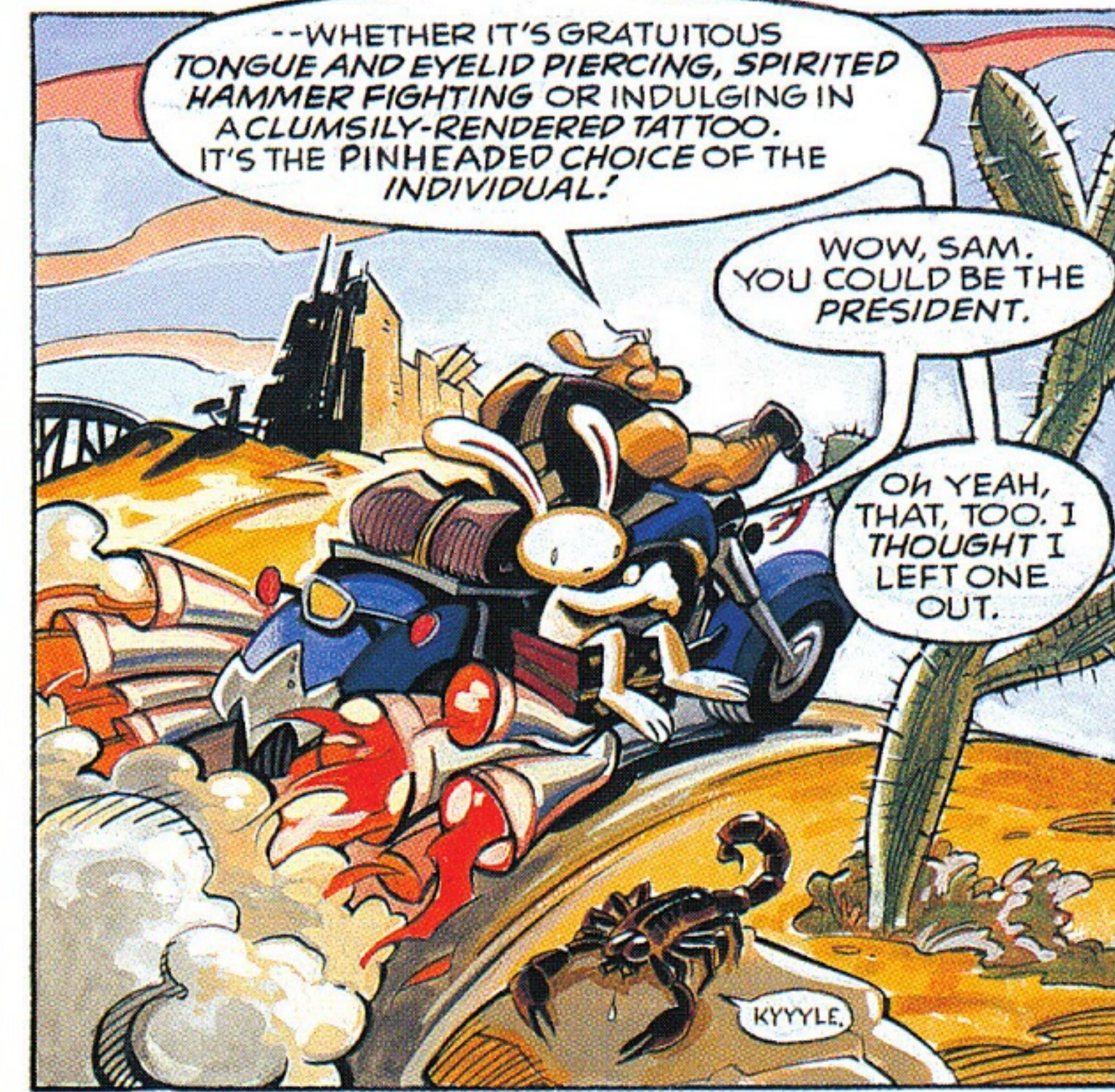
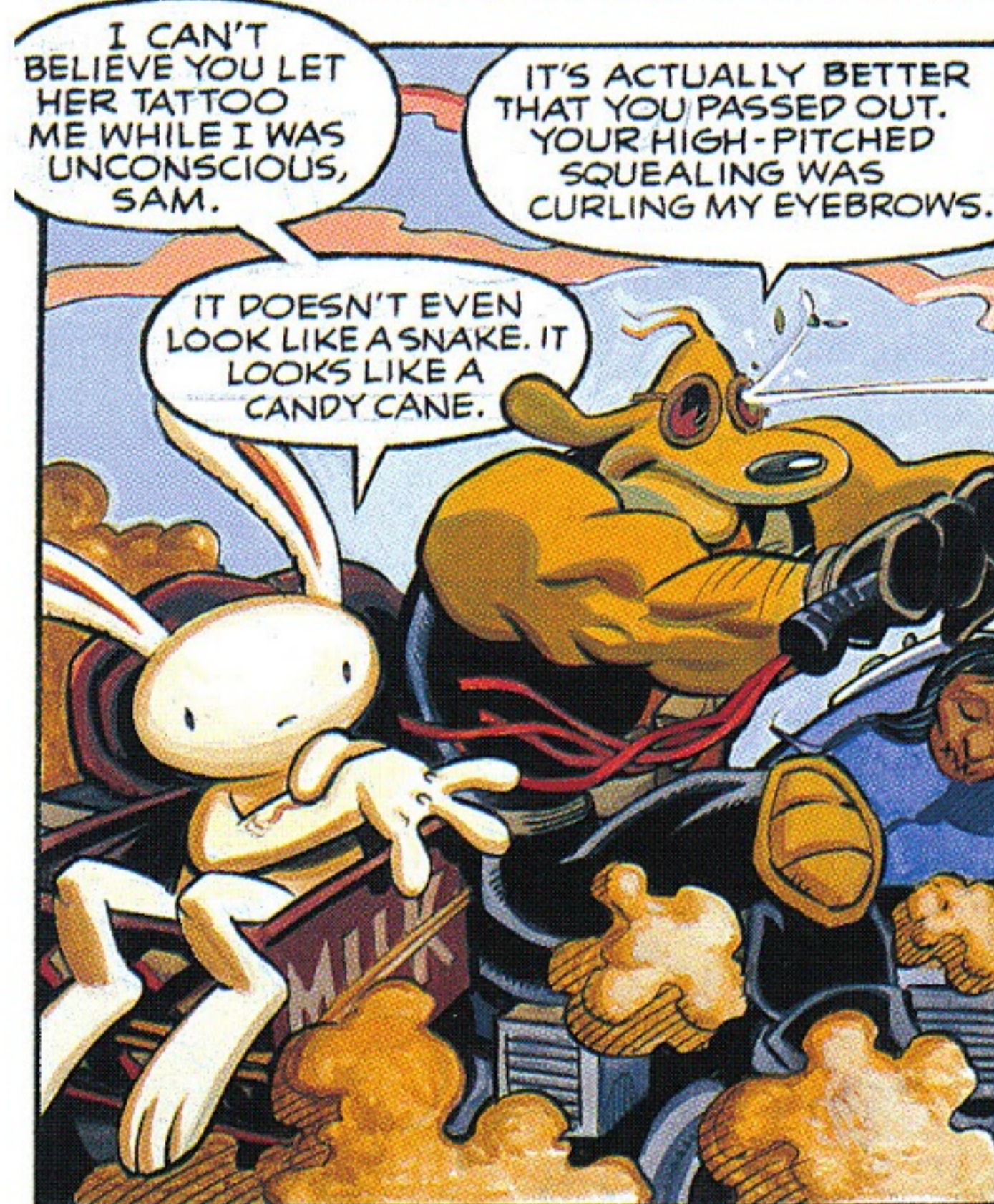


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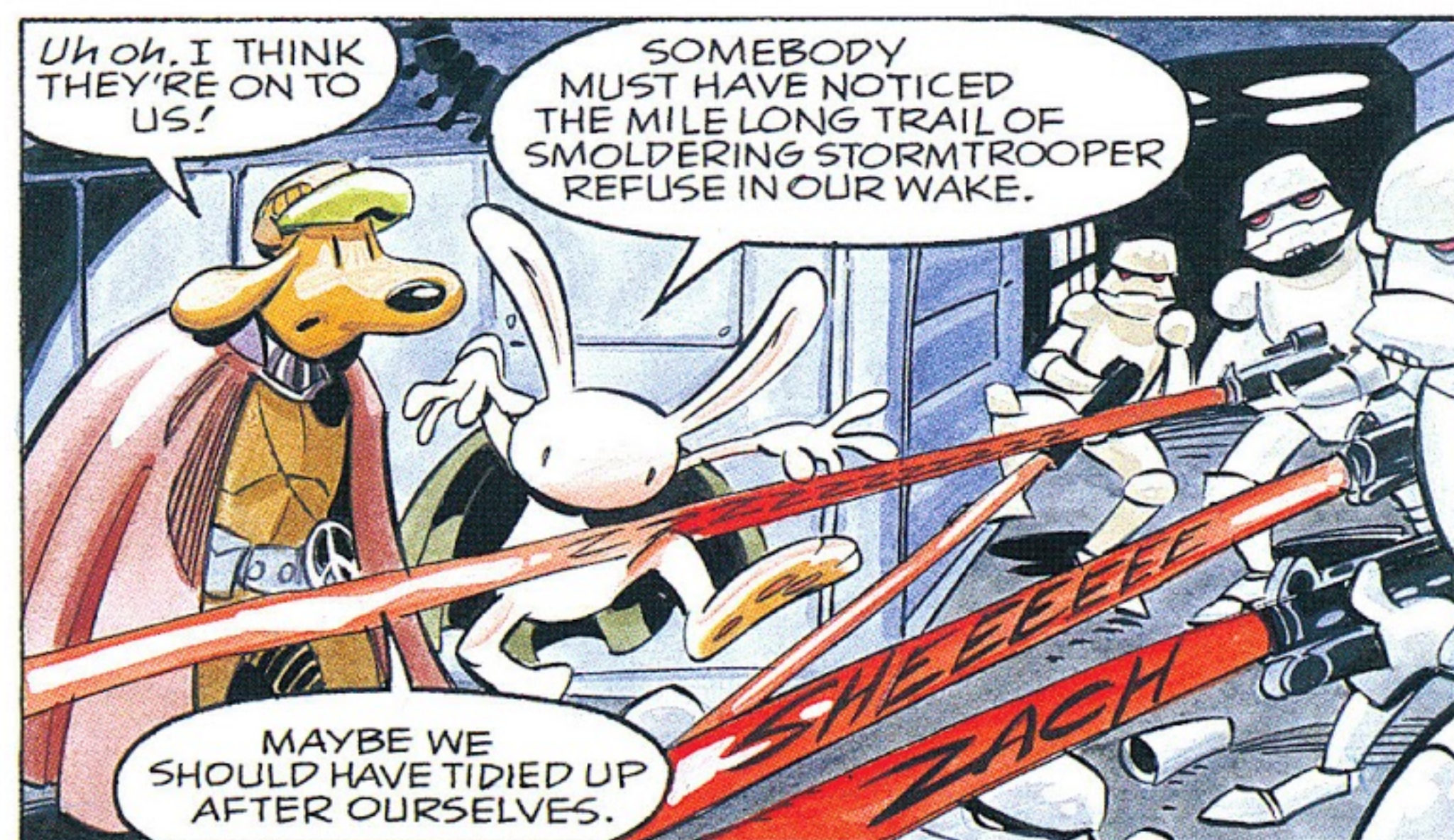
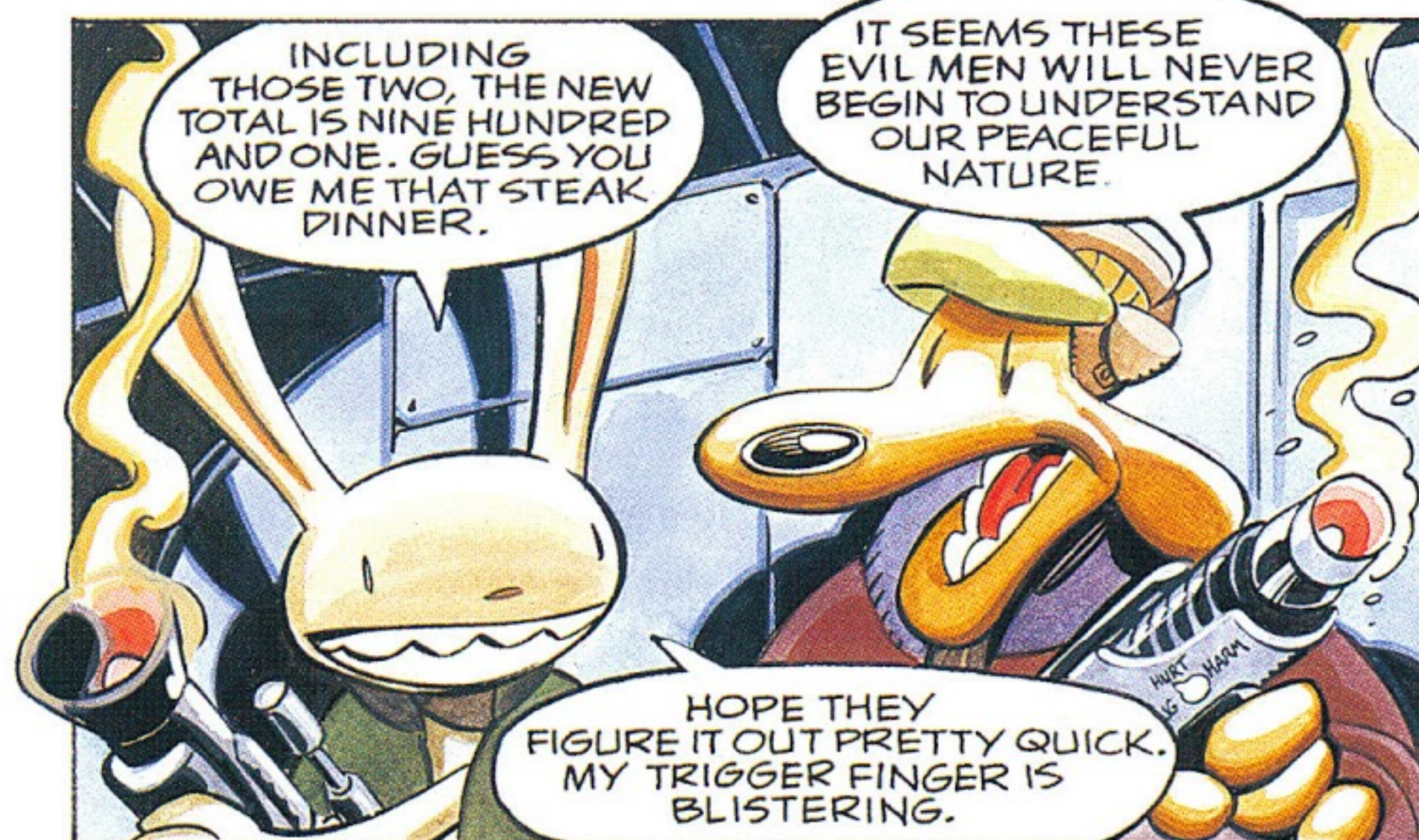
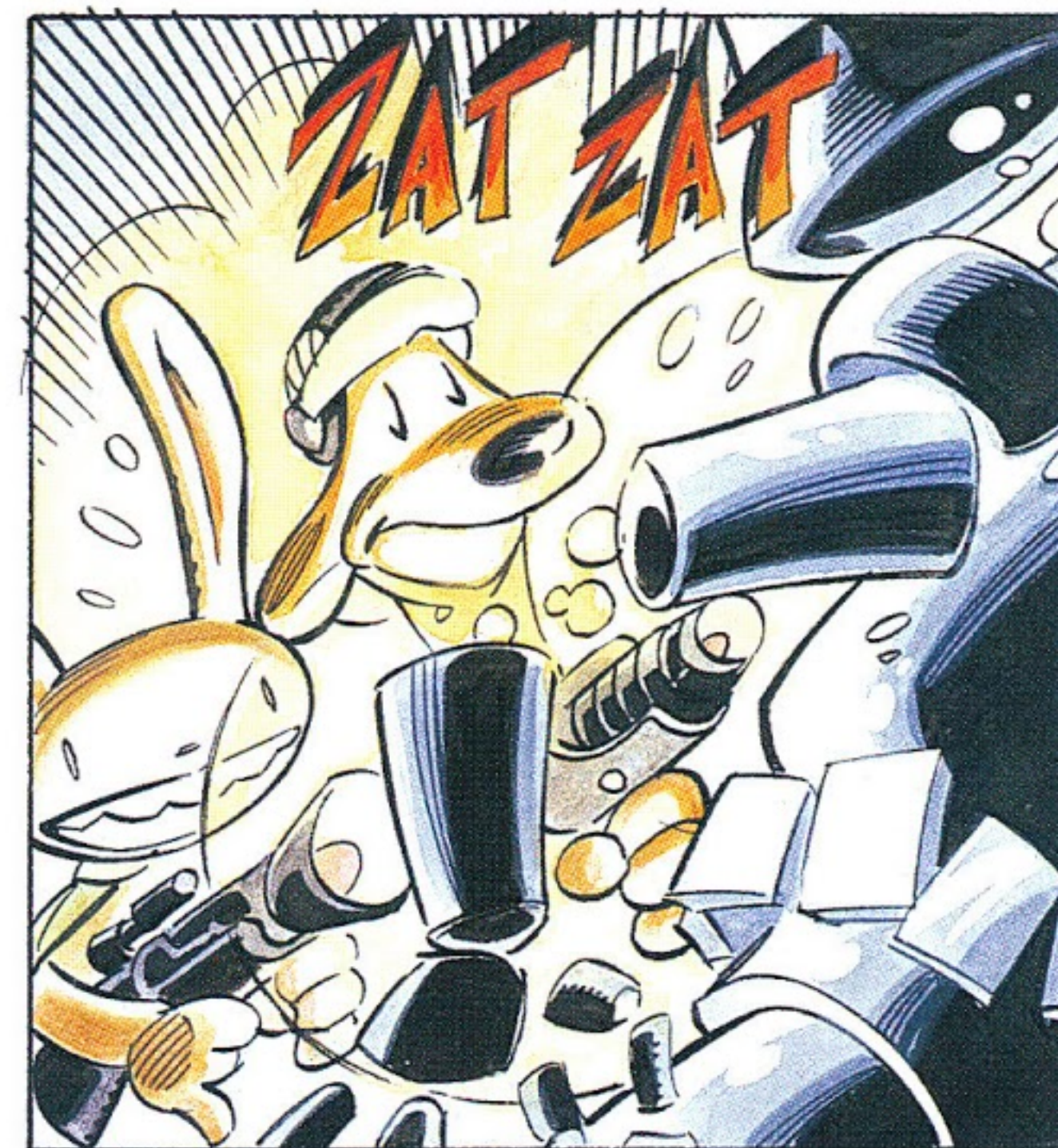
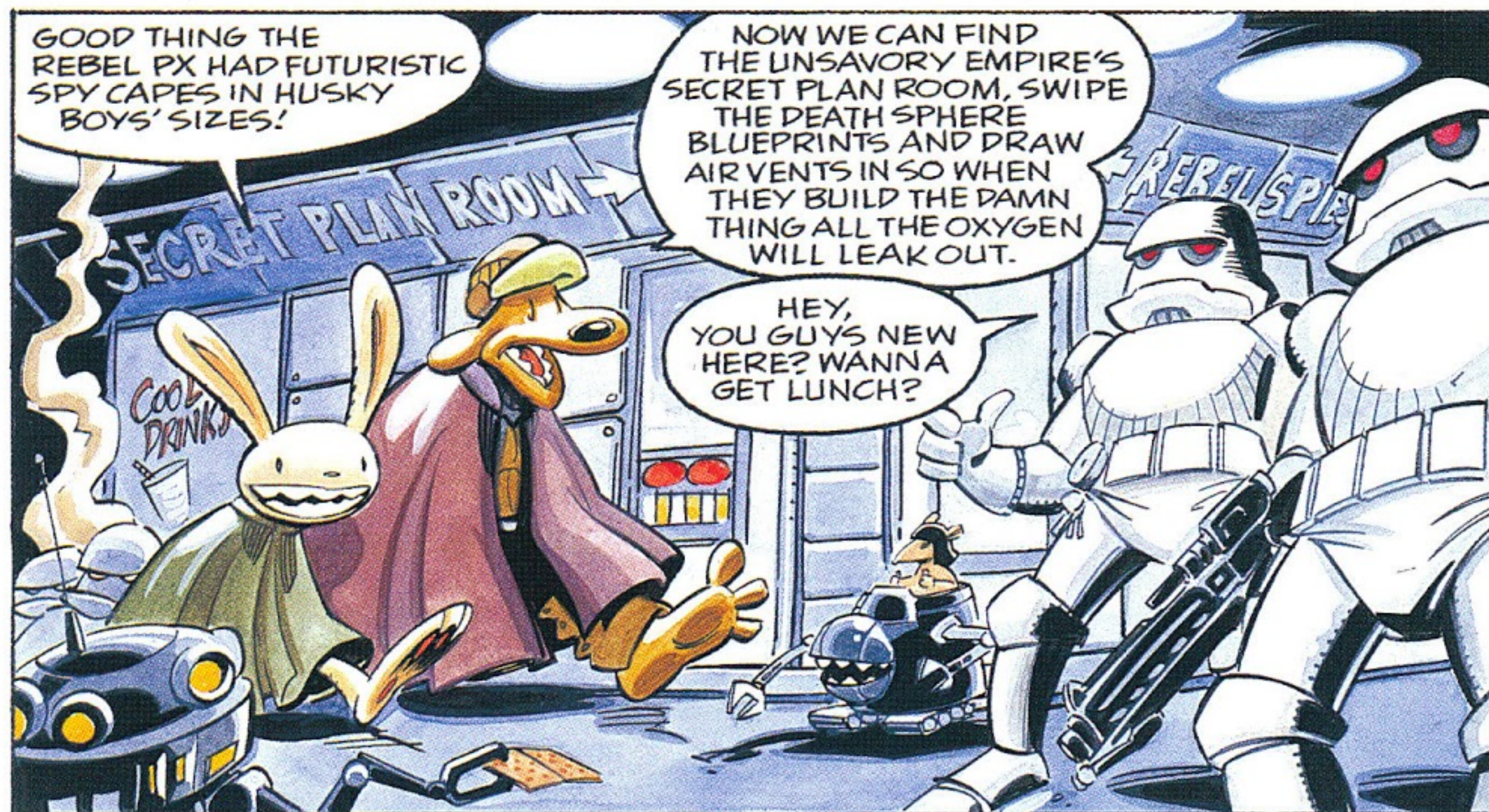
F R E E L A N C E P O L I C E

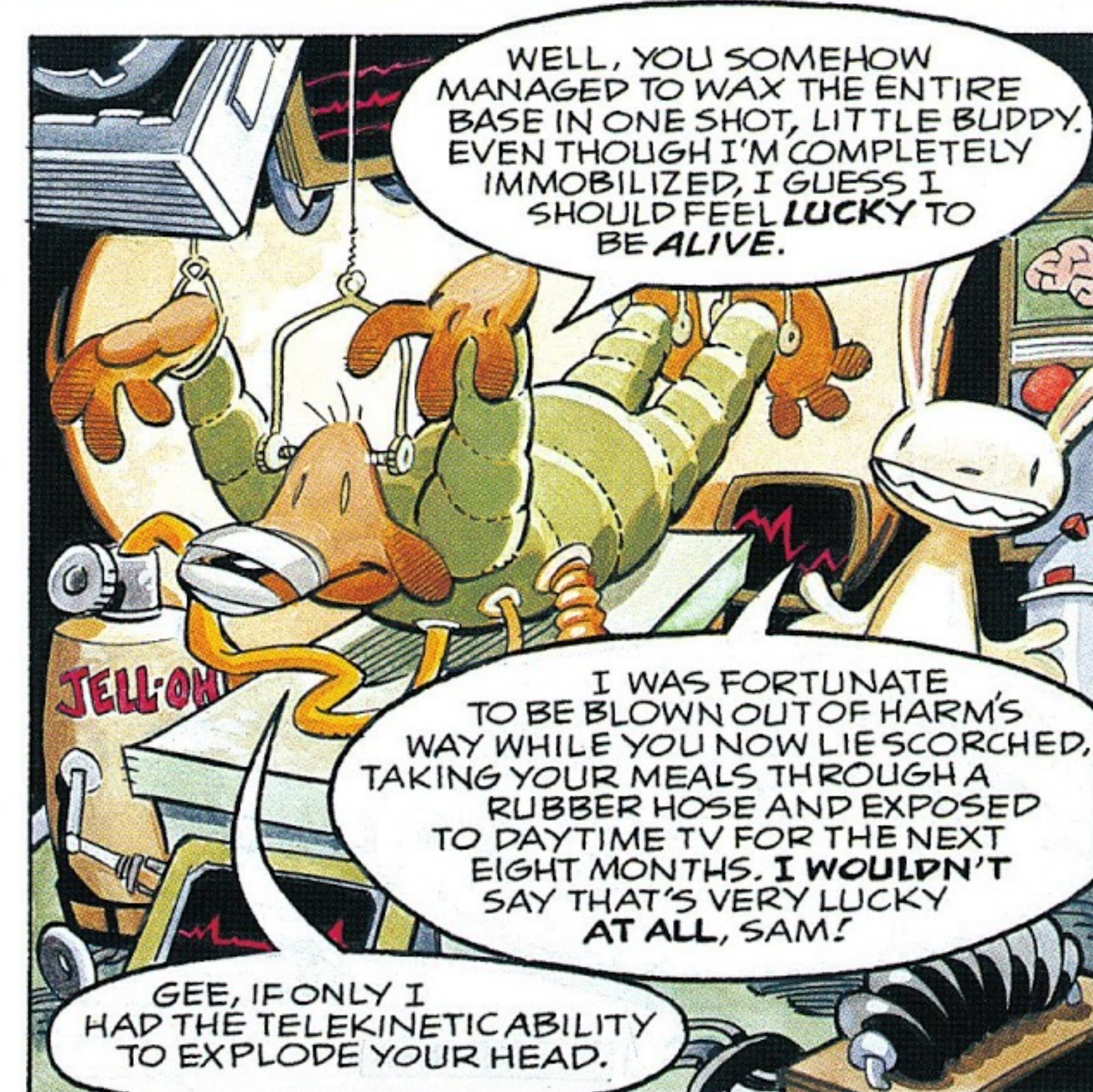
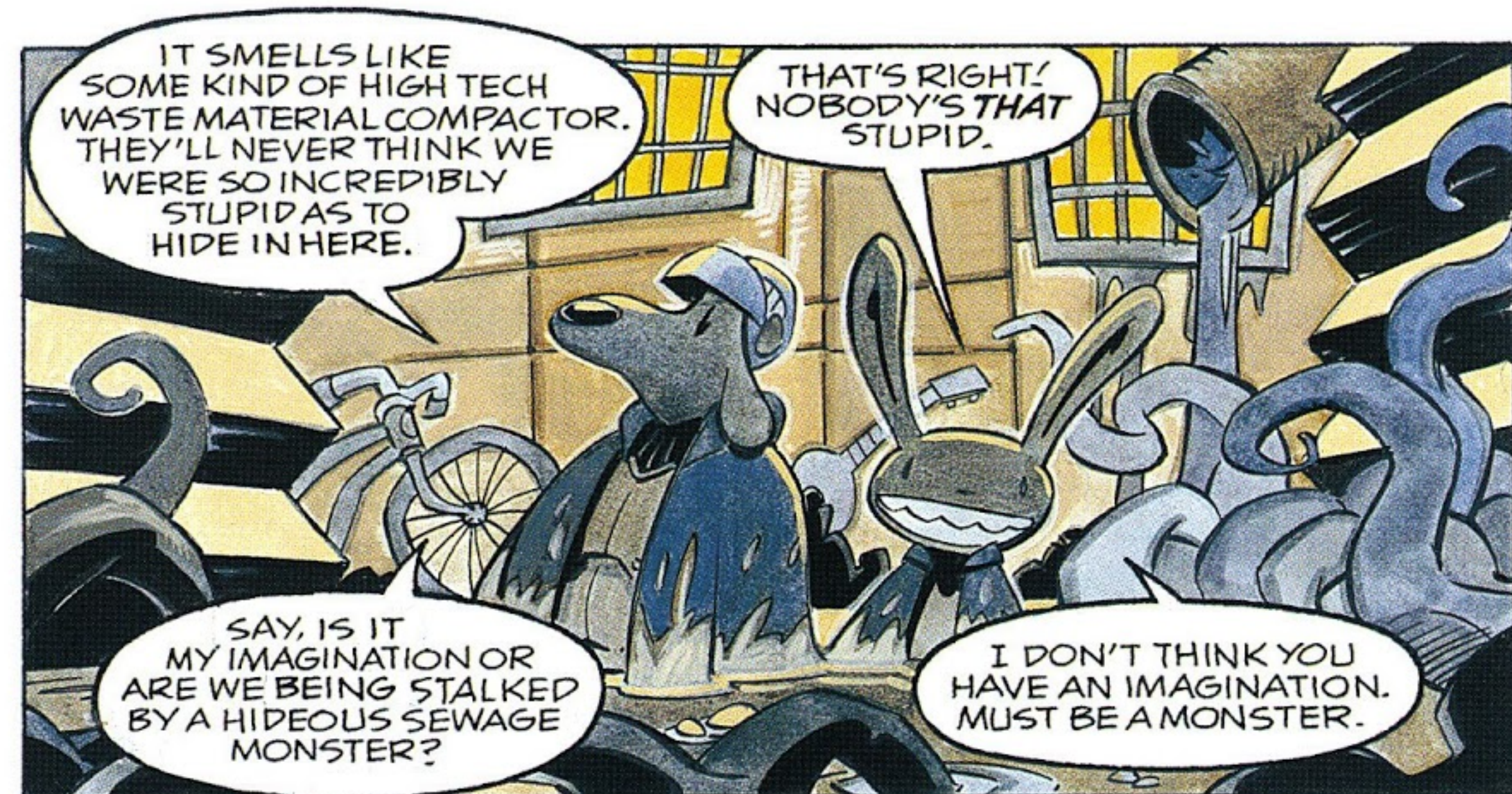




SAM & MAX

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LETTERED BY LOIS BUHALIS





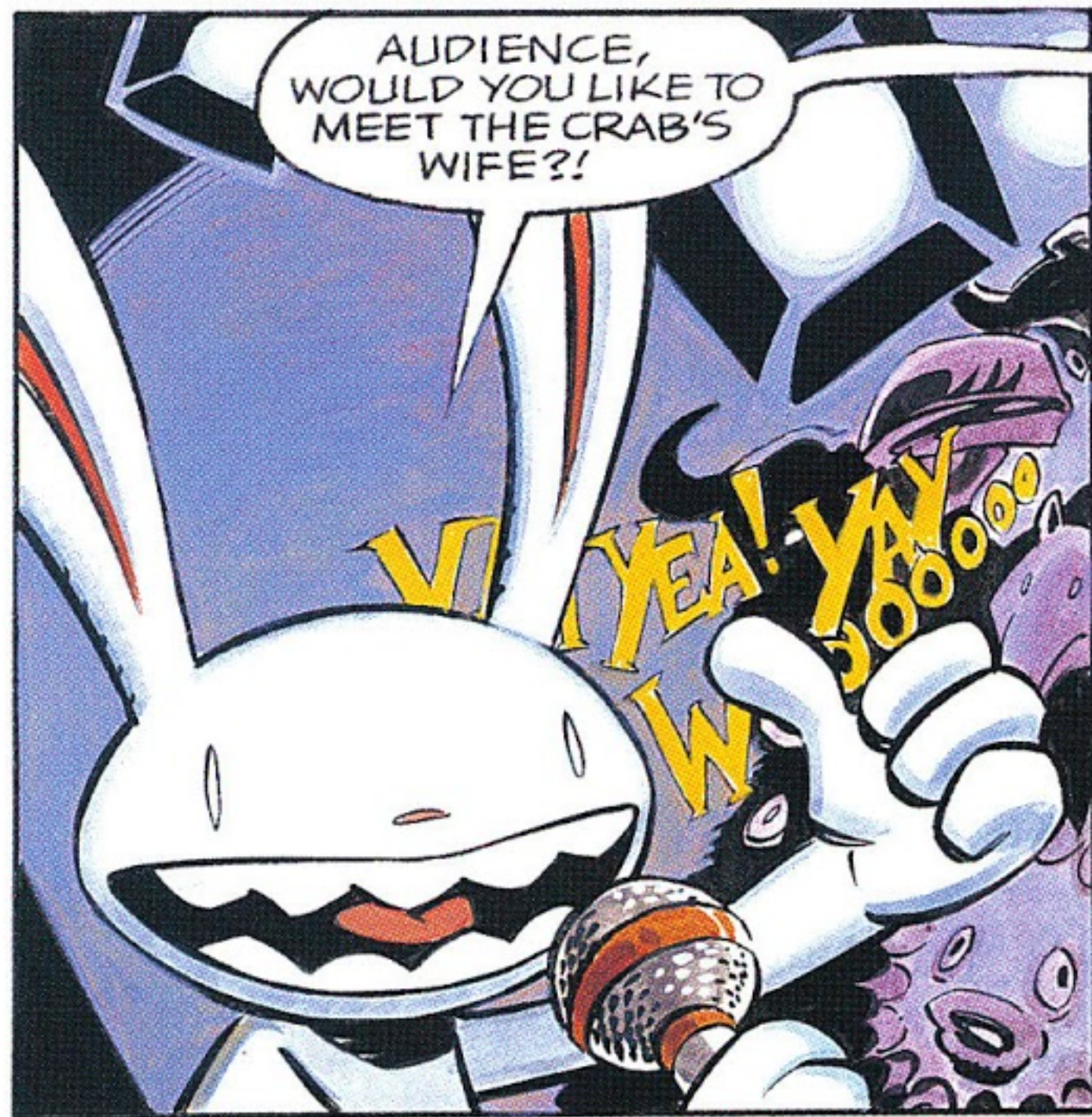
HELLO, FRIENDS!
TODAY ON SAM&MAX!--THE STEAMY, SEAMY
WORLD OF ANIMALS! JOIN US AS WE PUT A FEW OF
THESE CRASS CRITTERS ON THE HOTSEAT. AND
STICK AROUND FOR WHAT SHOULD BE AN
UNSETTLING CONFRONTATION BETWEEN
PREDATOR AND PREY. RIGHT, MAX?

THAT'S RIGHT, SAM. AND LATER
WE'LL BRING OUT A SOMALI WILD ASS
SO WE CAN ALL SNICKER ABOUT
ITS NAME. ALL THIS ON S&M!

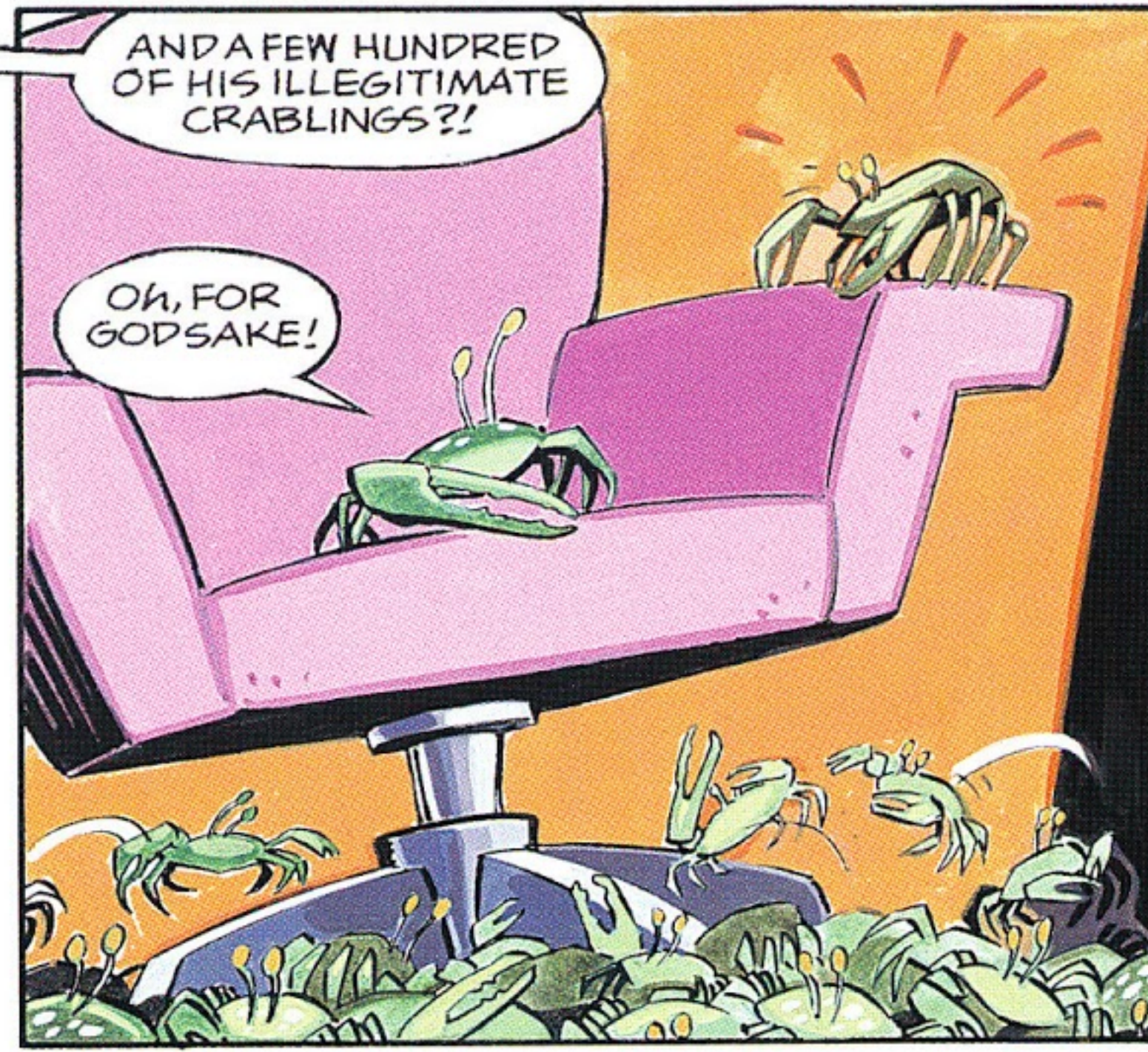
CLAP YAY CLAP CLAP CLAP

S&M

LISTEN--IT'S COMPLETELY NATURAL BEHAVIOR! I MEAN, LOOK-- MOST OF US ARE EATEN BY SEALS BEFORE WE'RE A WEEK OLD!

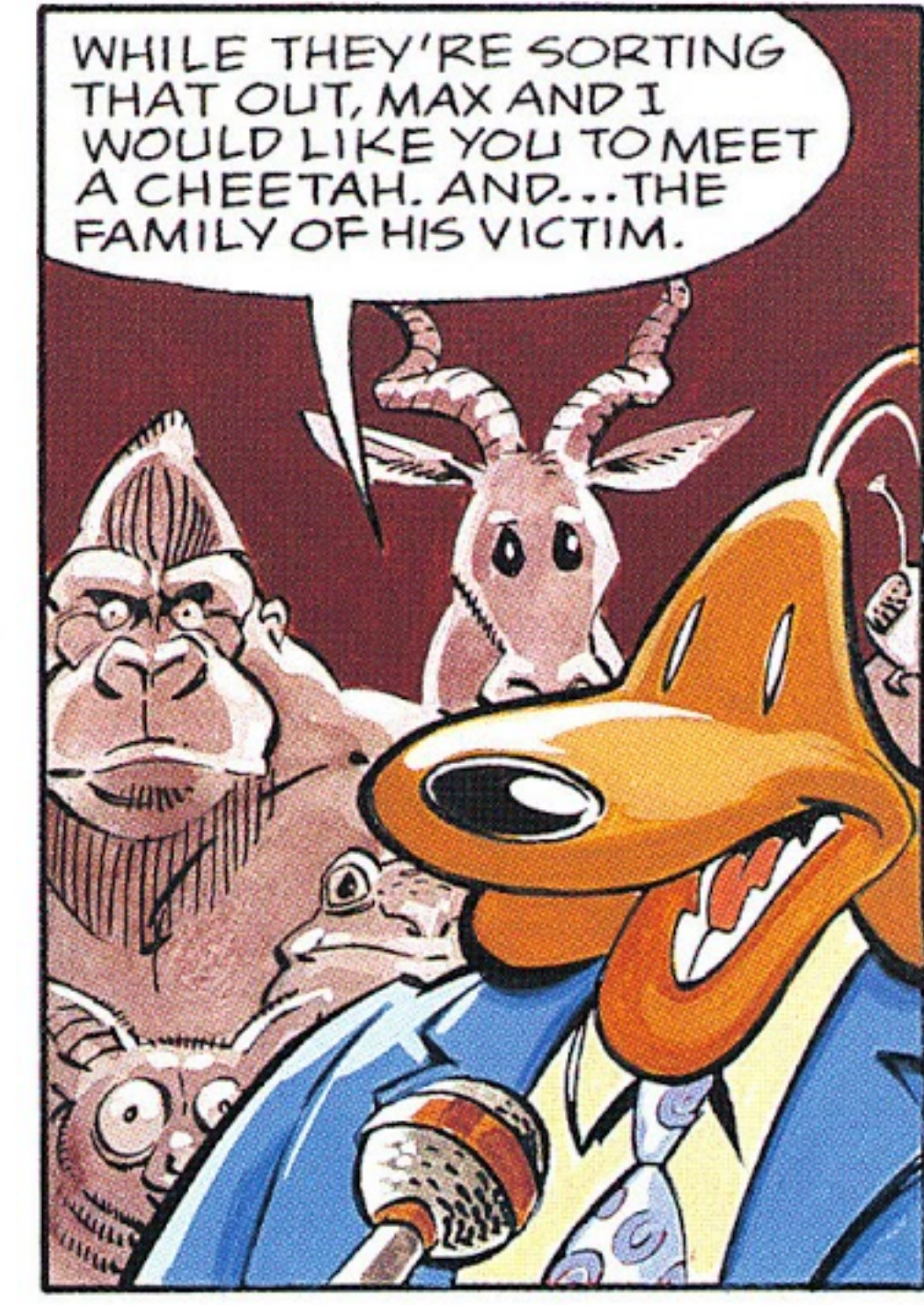


AUDIENCE,
WOULD YOU LIKE TO
MEET THE CRAB'S
WIFE?!

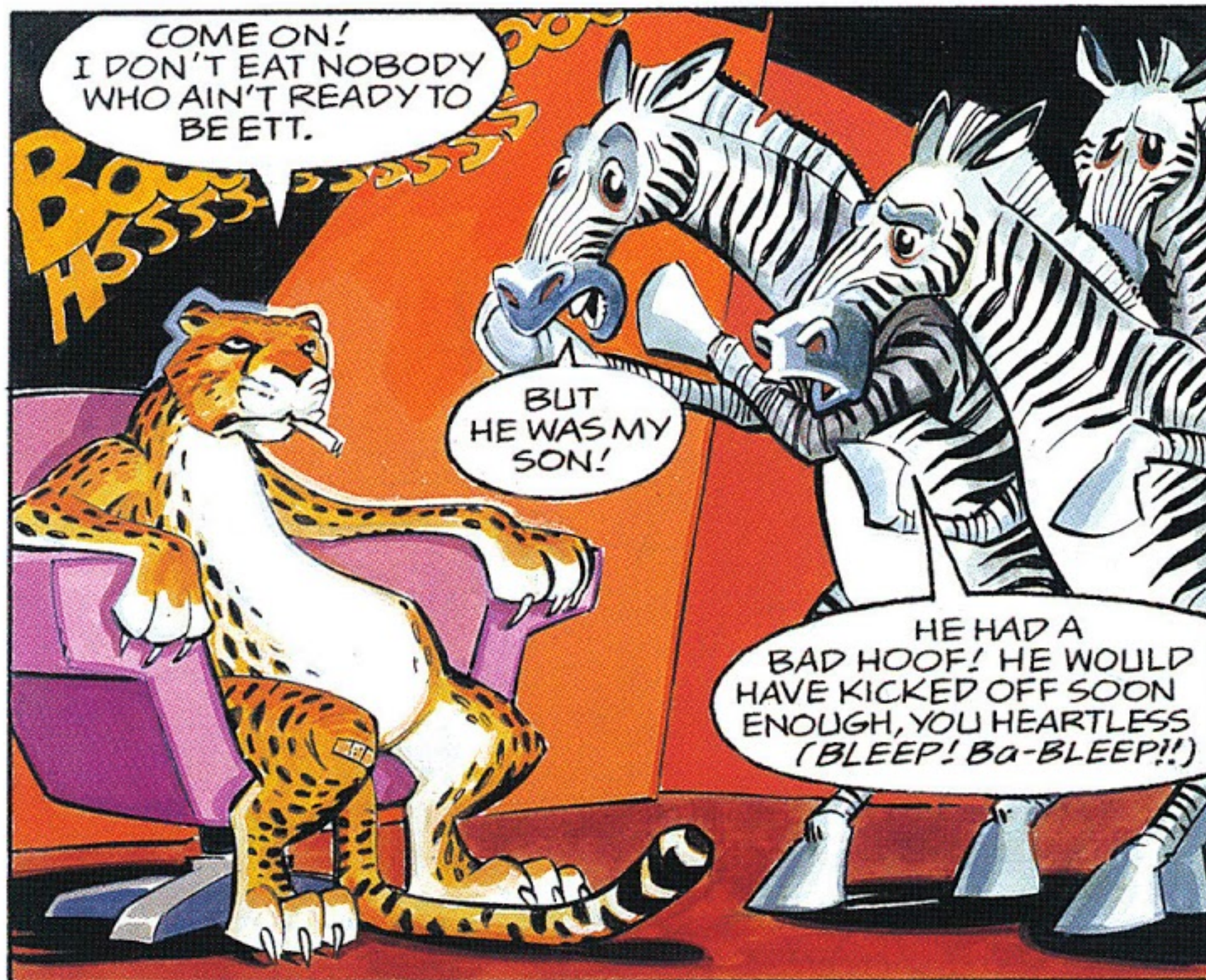


AND A FEW HUNDRED
OF HIS ILLEGITIMATE
CRABBLINGS?!

Oh, FOR
GODSAKE!



WHILE THEY'RE SORTING
THAT OUT, MAX AND I
WOULD LIKE YOU TO MEET
A CHEETAH. AND...THE
FAMILY OF HIS VICTIM.



COME ON!
I DON'T EAT NOBODY
WHO AIN'T READY TO
BE ETT.

BUT
HE WAS MY
SON!

HE HAD A
BAD HOOV! HE WOULD
HAVE KICKED OFF SOON
ENOUGH, YOU HEARTLESS
(BLEEP! Ba-BLEEP!!)



HEY, LAY OFF!
I'M ENDANGERED!

YOU ARE
NOW!

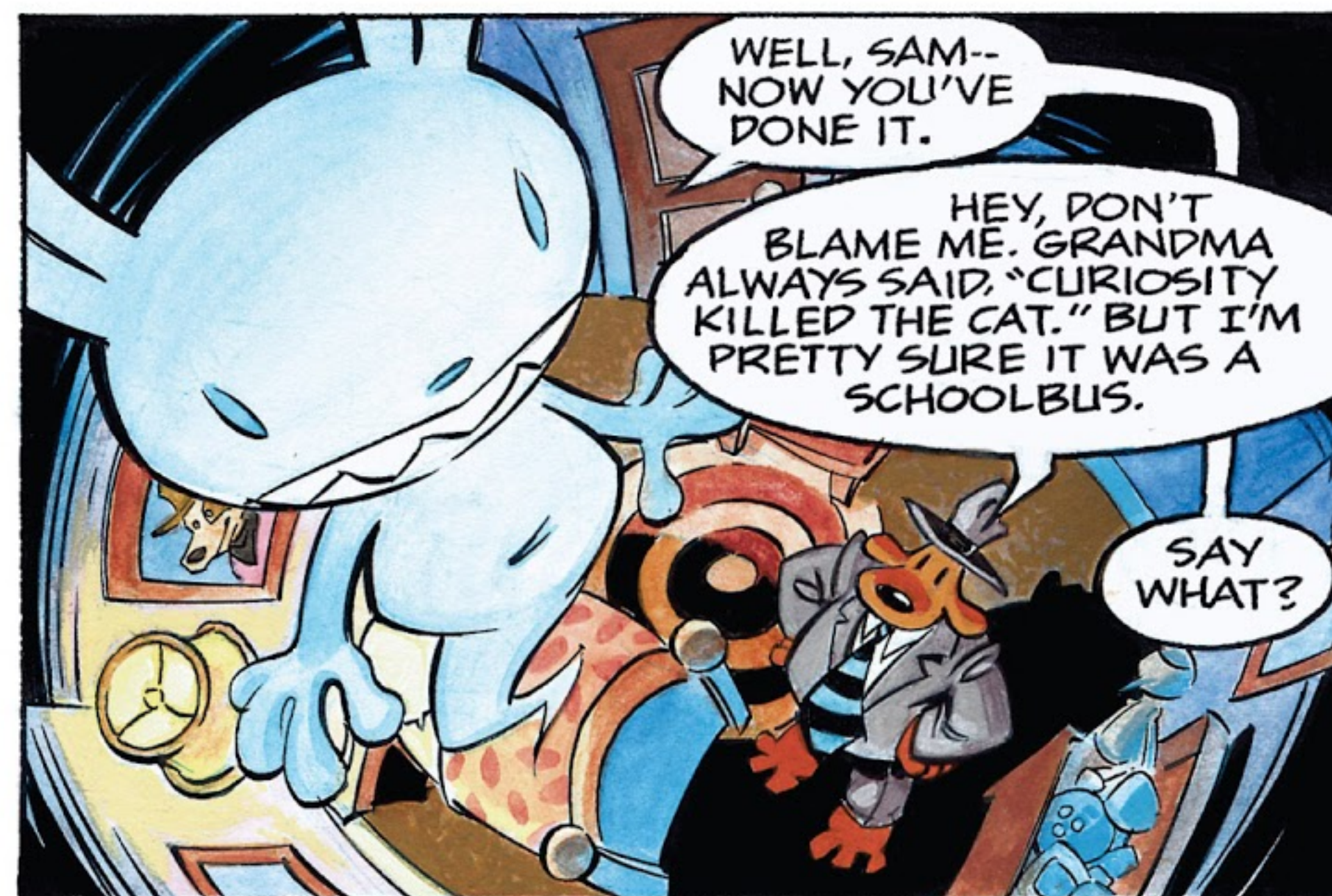
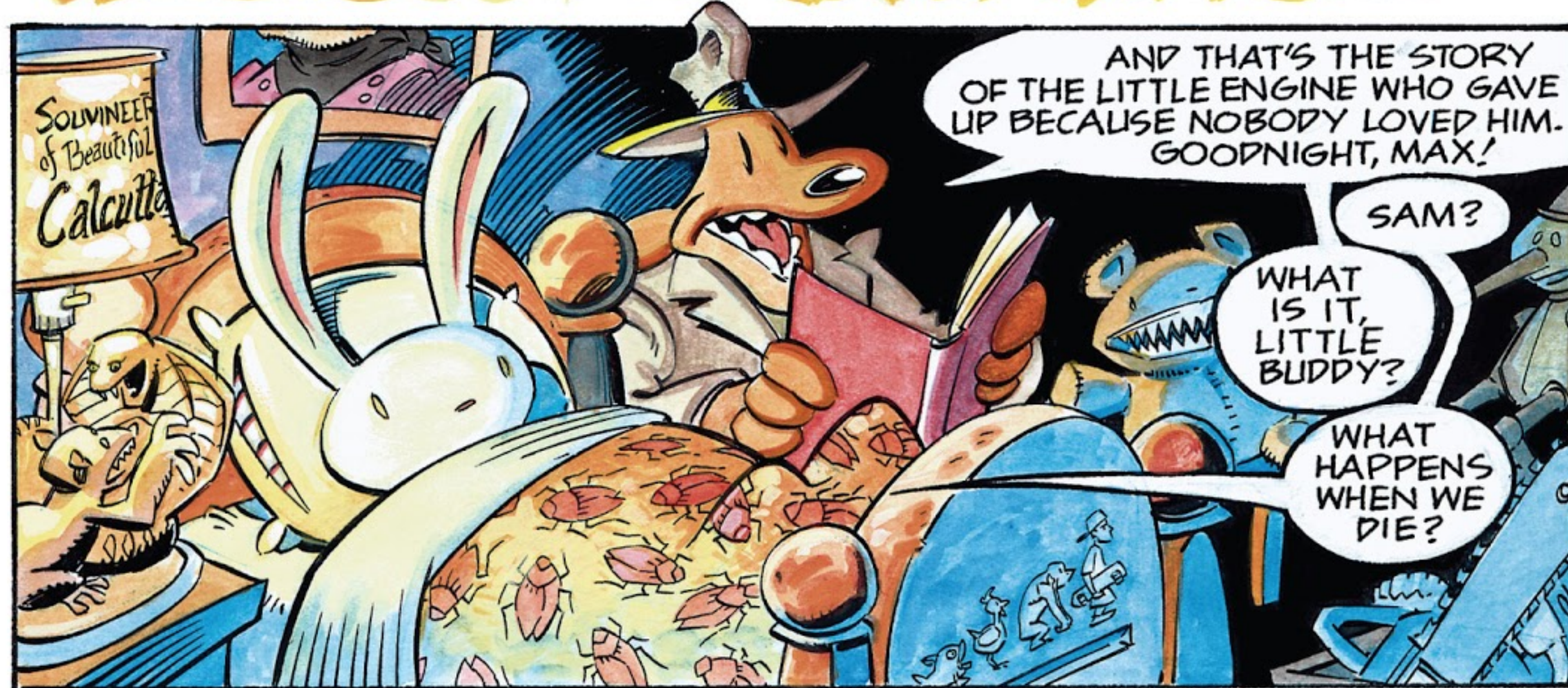
WE CERTAINLY
DON'T CONDONE THIS TYPE
OF VIOLENT OUTBURST. BUT
IT SURE IS GREAT FOR
RATINGS.

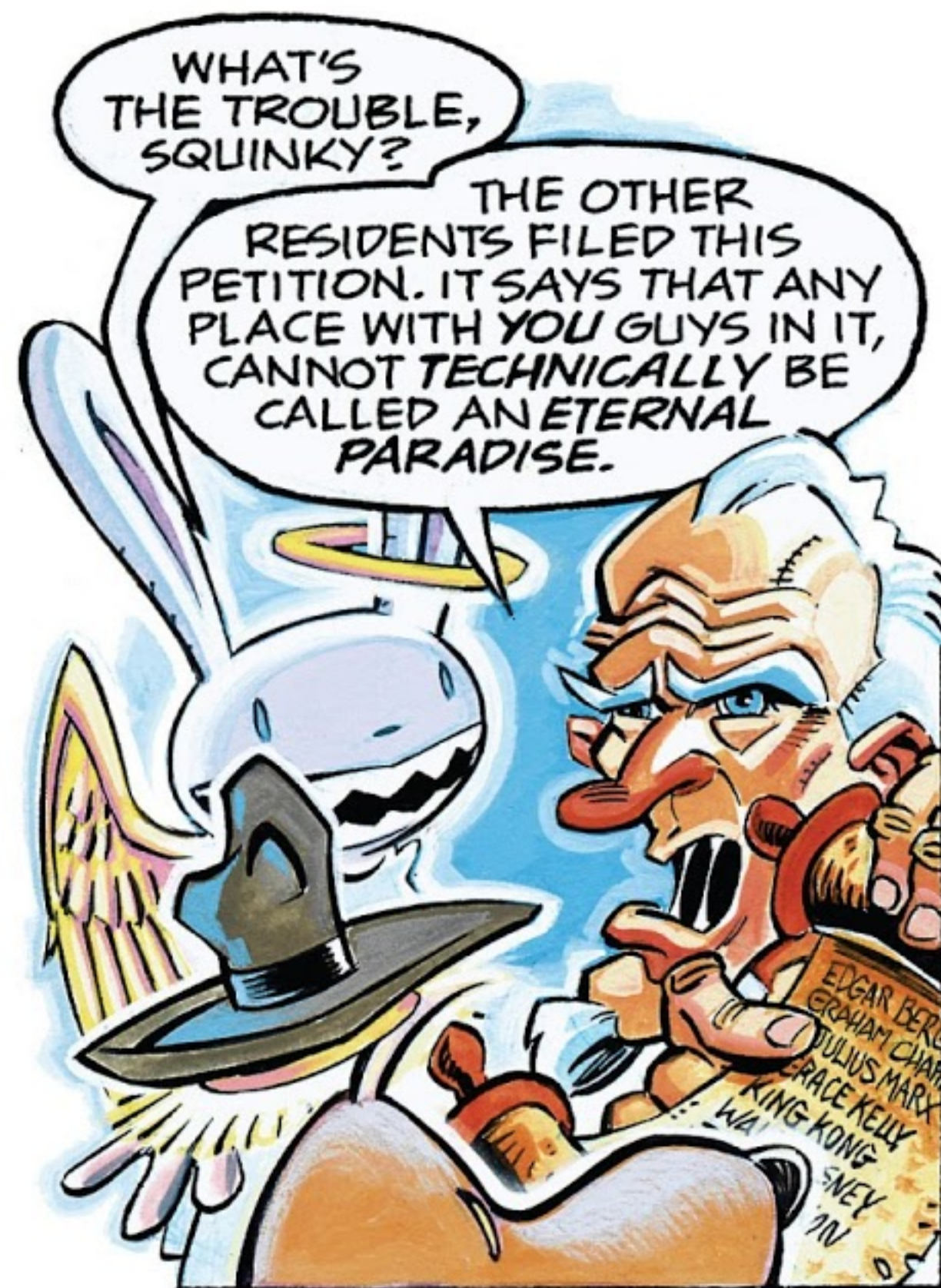
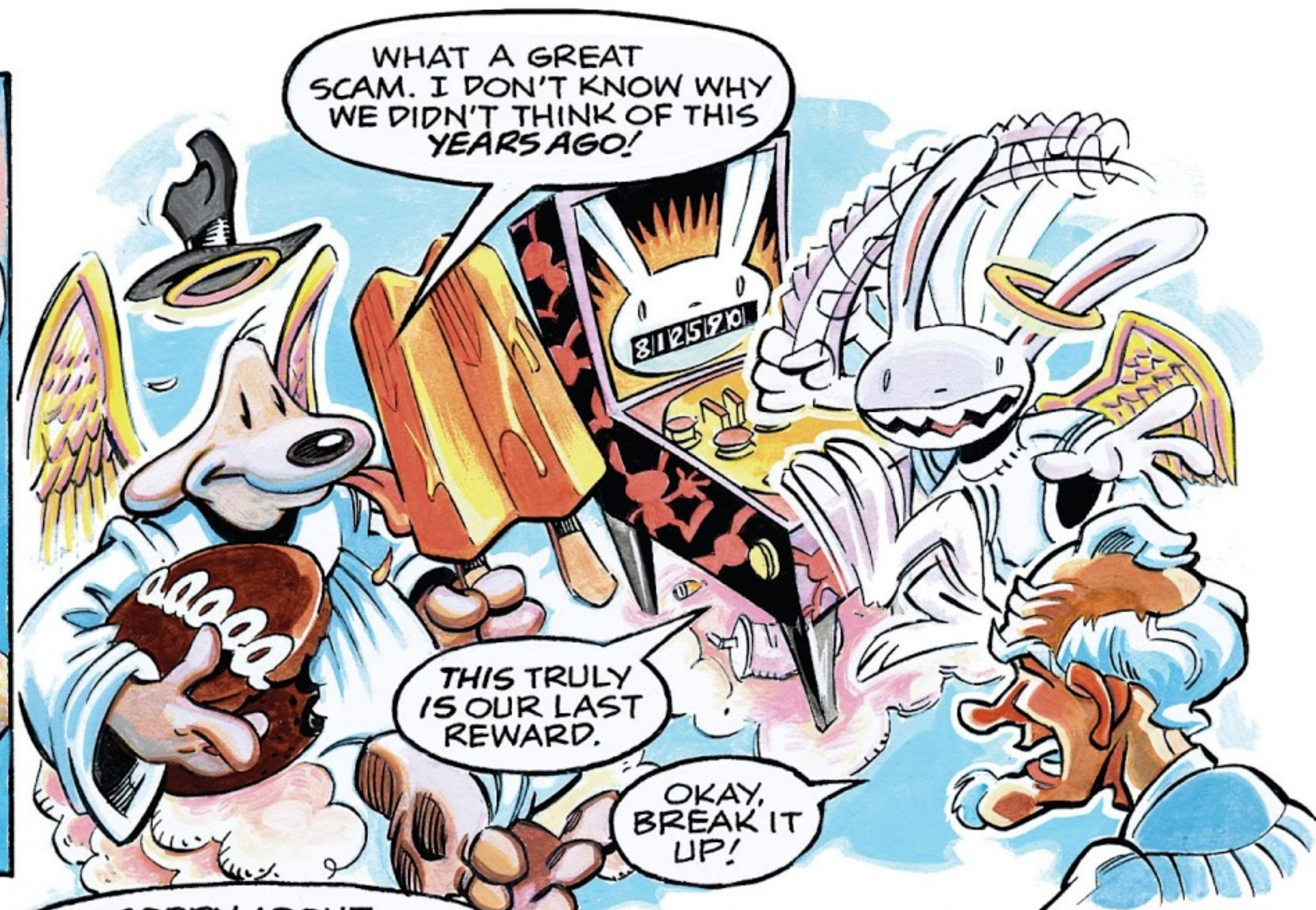
SORRY FOLKS, BUT THE
SOMALI WILD ASS WAS EATEN BY
HYENAS WHO, AMAZINGLY ENOUGH,
FORGOT TO LAUGH AT HIS NAME.
SEE YOU NEXT TIME!

Sam & Max

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LETTERED BY: LOIS BUHALIS





SAM MAW

Winn & Munn

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